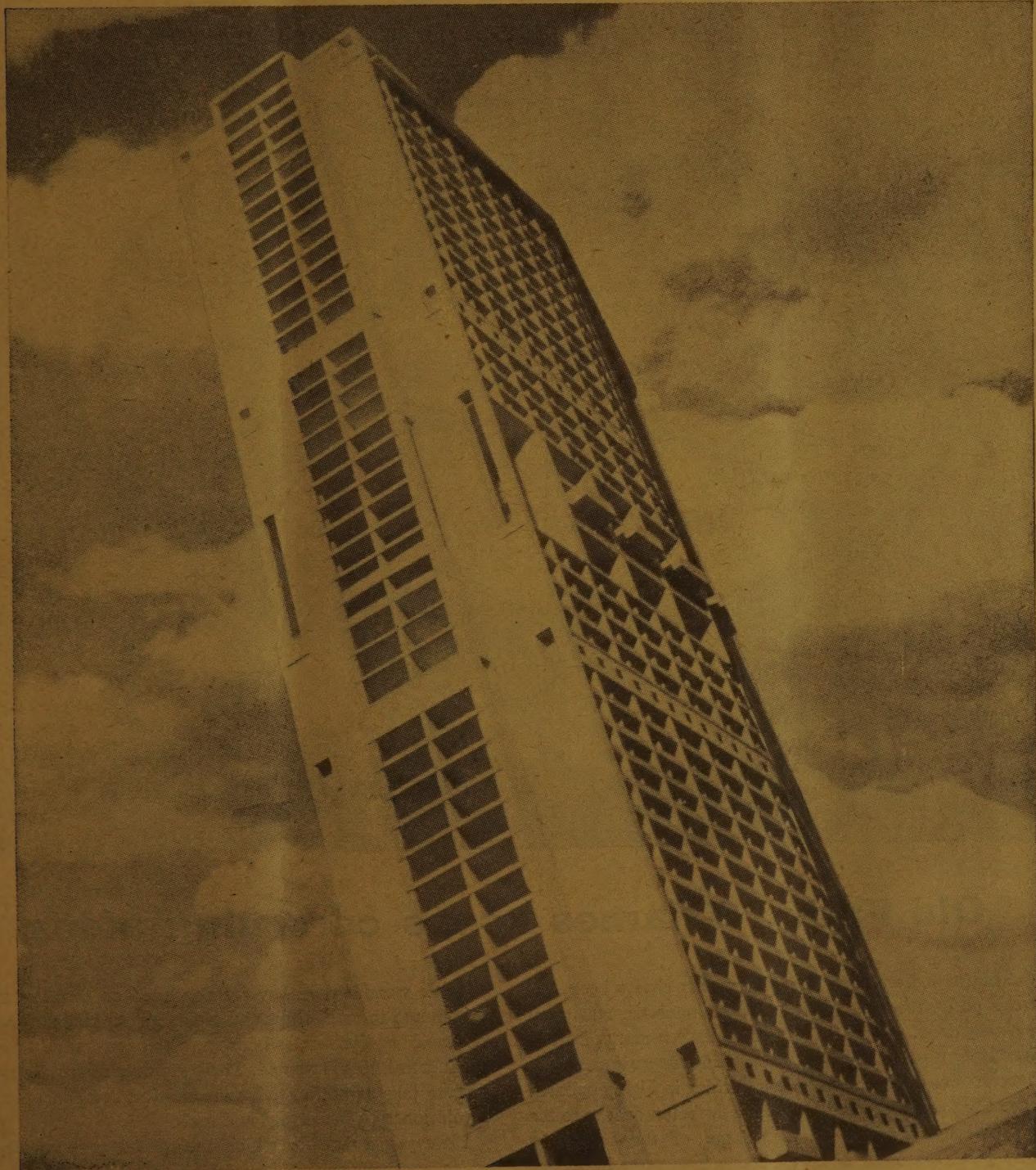


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Project by Le Corbusier for a skyscraper on the waterfront at Algiers, c. 1938. Colin Rowe discusses a Le Corbusier exhibition, open in London until March 6, in an article on page 287

A Free Pound and the Future. By Sir Roy Harrod and Anthony Crosland

Authority and the Family. By Richard Peters

Landing on the Moon. By Sir Harold Spencer Jones

On Reading Modern American Novels. By Arthur Mizener



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The Listener

Index to Volume LX

JULY TO DECEMBER 1958

	Page	Art (contd.)	Page	Page
BRAHAMS, GERALD	1012, 1015	Stubbs's Anatomical Drawings	868	1043
Accidents to Young Children	47, 129	Turkish Decorative Art	371	186, 215
CKERLEY, J. R.	1088	Vouet, Simon	696	321
damson, Yvonne	9	Wilkie, David	788	6, 35
den:				
Britain and the Sultan of Lahej	76	Ashley, Maurice	614	7
DLER, Henry	417	Asian Civilization, Where it is Moulded	1023	407
fluence, Production in the Age of		Asian Politics, Gunpowder in	975, 1083	
frica:		Atomic Heretic	375	
Dawn of		'Atoms for Peace' Conference	454	
Memories of South Africa	301	Attlee, Lord	719	
Pygmies and Giants in the Congo	736	Auden, W. H.	1065	
Recession reaches	507	Australia: Economic Position	406	
South Africa's New Prime Minister	364	Austria since the Occupation	493, 571, 655	
Three Early African Empires	510	Avis, Patricia	803	
gression, What is Indirect?	403			
griculture, Soviet	450	'BABs'	215, 1055	
laska		Backward Countries, How to Develop	186, 273	
Bulmer, First Duke of	1028	Bamford, Barney	333	
Alexander, C. H. O'D.	610, 627	Bangkok	1023	
llison, Ronald	372	Banham, Reyner	775, 807	
loway, Lawrence	647, 671, 888, 903	Barbecue in the Yard, The	81, 239	
lvarez, A.	155, 179	Barbirolli, Sir John	333	
rab Nationalism, Coming to Terms with	863	Barden, Leonard	803, 807	
rab, Coming to Terms with the		Bargman, Anne	855	
	183, 273, 345, 385	Barman, Thomas	367, 405	
rab Women	638	Barr, Cleeve	725, 755	
ragno, Riccardo	41, 71	Barracough, Geoffrey	403, 443	
rchaeology:		Bats, Ringing	684	
Africa, The Dawn of	301	'Beat Generation' in America, The	15, 57	
Dig, Time Off to	867	Beausobre, Iulia de	365, 399	
Ox, The Little	153	Beer	918	
Wales, The Earliest People of	689	Beer, Sir Gavin de	11, 35	
rchitecture:		Beliefs, Fundamental	87, 129, 167, 274	
Brazil's New Capital City	772	Bell, Adrian	190	
British Columbia, Architecture of	458	Bell, Quentin	132, 348, 925	
Gatwick Airport's New Terminal Building	166	Bentham, Jeremy	503	
Greek Architecture, Space and	599, 655	Bentley, G. B.	227, 251	
New Zealand, Impressions of	825, 934	Bentley, Phyllis	953	
Soviet Architecture, The Dilemma of	725	Berdyaev, Nicolas	193	
Towns, Character in the Architecture of	555, 608, 655	Bergonzi, Bernard	426, 443	
Towns, The Creation of Character in	641	Berlin:		
lott, John	120, 512, 543	Decisive Answer in West, A	977	
rnold, Denis	250	Experience in	417	
rt:		Shopping in	119	
Art Centre of the World, The Leading	637	Beveridge, Lord	746	
Art Collections Too Big, Are Our?	1073	Biblical Theology, A Crisis in	241	
Art in New York Today	647, 694	Binder, Pearl	297	
Art Schools, What Kind of?	419	Birds, Migrant: Watching Them by Radar	691, 741	
Corot	348	Birdwood, Lord	76, 107	
Cromwell, The Face of Oliver	377	Bishops and Kings	561, 597	
Drawings, Collecting Early English	771	Blackburn, Thomas	197	
Eye Disorders and the Artist	728, 785, 841, 885	Blackett, P. M. S.	375, 399	
Freedman, Barnett	696	Blackwell, Alfred	1028	
Gabo, Naum	168			
Galleries, Round the	60, 132, 204, 240, 310, 428, 468, 509, 570, 656, 842, 1000			
Georgian Country Houses, The Last of the	612			
Gothardt, Mathis	96			
Grñnewald	96			
Italian Art	276			
Japanese Art, Treasures of	24			
Kokoschka, Oskar	472			
Minton, John	696			
Moore, Henry, A New Bronze by	51, 130			
Moore, Henry, and Sir Joshua Reynolds	925			
Pollock, Jackson	888			
Renaissance Interpretation of Pagan Myths	875			

Books Reviewed (contd.)

Curious Naturalists 433
 Curran, John Philip: *His Life and Times* 657
 Dead Sea Scrolls, More Light on the 475
 Decipherment of Linear B, The 1003
 Decision to Intervene, The 61
 Defense of the Middle East: Problems of American Policy 659
 Dekker, Thomas: *Dramatic Works* 431
 Detective Fiction 955
 Dickens, Charles: *A Critical Introduction* 1045
 Dictionary of British Surnames, A 25
 Dilke, Sir Charles: *A Victorian Tragedy* 743
 Disengagement in Europe 520
 Door Marked Malaya, The 135
 Dryden, John: *Poems* 389
 Early Sites of Christianity 392
 East to West: *A Journey Round the World* 520
 Edwardian Promenade 523
 Elephants 745
 Elizabethan Literature 891
 English Critical Essays, Twentieth Century (second series) 617
 English Satire 316
 Enterprise of England, The 28
 Era of Theodore Roosevelt 1900-1912, The 941
 Essays in Appreciation 793
 Essays on 'The Welfare State' 699
 European Powers and the German Question, 1848-1876, The 243
 Even More for Your Garden 1045
 Every Man a Phoenix 478
 Excavations at Qumran, The 97
 Father of the Broties, The 950
 Fearful Choice, The 207
 Fiction, An Age of 61
 First Ten Years, The: a Diplomatic History of Israel 478
 Five Herods, The 63
 Flame and the Light, The 208
 Frances Anne 25
 French West Africa 745
 From Blackmail to Treason 277
 From Mycenae to Homer. A study in early Greek literature and art 1003
 Gandhi, Mahatma 1087
 Gandhi Reader, The 1087
 Garden, Even More for Your 1045
 Garrick, David 953
 Gautier, Théophile 315
 Generalship of Alexander the Great, The 431
 Germans, The Unquiet 478
 Germany and the Revolution in Russia 1915-1918: Documents from the Archives of the German Foreign Ministry 98
 Giraudoux, Jean: *the Making of a Dramatist* 244
 He Lit the Lamp 63
 Here I Stand 278
 History of Book Illustration, A 844
 History of Soviet Russia, A: Socialism in One Country 1924-1926 697, 741
 History of World Art 476
 Hotel Adlon 100
 Housman, A. E., Scholar and Poet 171
 How Different From Us. A Biography of Miss Buss and Miss Beale 617
 Human Groups 1088
 Ideas, People and Peace 476
 Impressionist Paintings in the Louvre 793
 Independents in the English Civil War, The 208, 239
 India Changes! 534
 India's Changing Villages 27
 Ironic German, The 615, 828
 Israel: The First Ten Years 478
 Japan, Arts of 207
 Japanese Art, 2,000 Years of 697
 Japanese Politics 659
 Johnson and Boswell. The Story of their Lives 1043
 Journeys to England and Ireland 136
 Joyce, James: *Claybook for Kensington* 476
 King, Edward: and our times 244, 275, 386
 King George VI, His Life and Reign 618
 King James IV of Scotland 701
 King's War, 1641-1647, The 941
 Kitchener: Portrait of an Imperialist 657
 Labour and the Wounds, The 278
 Land is Bright, The 169
 Landor: A Replevin 25
 Land Without Justice 1001
 Last Tudor King, The: A Study of Edward VI 524
 Later Herods, The 63
 Lawrence, T. E. 889
 Letters from Hilaire Belloc 390
 Letters of Mary Wordsworth, 1800-1855, The 943
 Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke and Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis, The 743
 Ligonier, Lord 315
 Linear B, The Decipherment of 1003
 London Shakespeare, The 523
 London's Riverside 349
 Long March, The 351
 Lost Duchess, The 699
 Lost World of the East, The 171
 Lost World of the Kalahari, The 843
 Love and the Princess 1043
 Love Letters of Voltaire to his Niece, The 949
 Machiavelli and the Renaissance 392
 Magic and the Magician: E. Nesbit and her children's books 1003
 Malaya: A Political and Economic Appraisal 701
 Marine Life of Coastal Waters 136
 Memoirs of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, The 719, 791
 Migrations, Great 792
 Milner, Alfred, Lord: *the Man of No Illusions* 389
 Modern Book Design: from William Morris to the Present Day 494
 More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls 475
 My Brother and I 746
 My Dearest Louise: 1813-1814. Unpublished letters from the Empress Marie-Louise with previously published replies from Napoleon 171

Books Reviewed (contd.)

My Life with a Brahmin Family 534
 My Years with Churchill 135
 Naked to Mine Enemies: the Life of Cardinal Wolsey 792
 Nelson's Letters to his Wife and Other Documents, 1795-1837 519
 New Cambridge Modern History, The. Vol II. The Reformation 1520-1559 843
 No More War 617
 Noote of the Utu 793
 One Landscape Still 277
 Opium War through Chinese Eyes, The 947
 Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson, The 941
 Outlaw on Parnassus, The 475
 Oxford Book of Irish Verse, The XVIIth Century to XXth Century 1045
 Parisian Sketches 97
 Passionate Exiles, The: Madame de Staél and Madame Récamier 171
 Pastoral Fulb Family in Gwandu, The 317
 Peace in Piccadilly 61
 Peking, 1950-1953 351
 People and Parliament 529, 571
 People of Ship Street, The 351
 Personal Knowledge 574
 Person from England, A: and other Travellers to Turkestan 949
 Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, A 1087
 Picasso: His Life and Work 846
 Plays, Two (by George Barker) 533
 Poems of Jonathan Swift 98
 Poems of Jules Laforgue 317
 Poetry for Supper 246
 Poets' Grammar. Person, Time, and Mood in Poetry 433
 Points of View 792
 Policy Against Inflation 792
 Political Crisis, 1931 135
 Pope and Human Nature 573
 Portrait of a Wilderness 660
 Portrait of Mr. W. H., The 950
 Prettiest Girl in England, The 246
 Psalms, Reflections on the 392
 Puccini, A Critical Biography 1001
 Quai d'Orsay, 1945-1951 97
 Queen's Wards, The: Wardship and Marriage under Elizabeth I 1087
 Reformation and Reaction in Tudor Cambridge 389
 Religious Experience and other Essays and Addresses 244
 Rise of the Meritocracy, The 843
 Rituals of Kinship among the Nyakyusa 1089
 Robeson, Paul 278
 Roosevelt, Theodore, The Era of: 1900-1912 941
 Saint-Simon at Versailles 889
 Saire, English 316
 Sculpture of Africa, The 530
 Sea Shore, Pocket Guide to the 136
 Sense of the World, A 699
 Serpent and the Tortoise, The 527
 Shakespeare and His Betters 100
 She had a Magic 660, 695
 Social Conditions in England and Wales: a Survey 351
 Social History of Lighting, The 278
 So Great a Mystery 208
 Some Memories 390
 South African Winter 98
 Sovereign Flower, The 349
 Soviet Navy, The 943
 Soviet Russia, A History of 697, 741
 Spain, A Handbook for Travellers 337
 Star Chamber Stories 524
 States of the Union 169
 Sterne, Laurence: as Yorick 574
 Strange Story of Dr. James Barry, The 697
 Tate Gallery, The 939
 Television and the Child 1080
 Temiar Jungle: A Malayan Journey 1004
 Tessimond, A. S. J.: Selection 533
 Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom (1847-1863) 315
 Thomas, Edward: the Last Four Years. The first volume of the Memoirs of Eleanor Farjeon 573
 Time to Speak, A. 660
 To Whom it May Concern 699
 Traherne, Thomas: Centuries, Poems and Thanksgivings 527
 Triumph of the Muse, and other Poems, The 27
 Two Freedoms, The 27
 2,000 Years of Japanese Art 697
 Underhill, Evelyn 660
 Under Six Reigns 1042
 Unquiet Germans, The 478
 Verlaine: Prince of Poets 844
 Vichy Regime, 1940-1944, The 431
 Vitaldi. Genius of the Baroque 316
 Voyage of the Lucky Dragon, The 63
 Wandering Albatross, The 28
 We Come From the Sea 136
 'Welfare State', Essays on the 699
 Wild Venture 660
 Wisest Fool in Christendom, The 243
 Wittgenstein, Later Philosophy of 889
 Wittgenstein, Ludwig: A Memoir 889
 Wolfe, Thomas: Selected Letters of 475
 World Without War 1003
 Writers at Work 207
 Zen Buddhism 27
 Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement (see also Novels Reviewed) 27

Booth, Andrew D. 983, 1015
 Boothroyd, J. B. 229, 251, 731, 755, 777, 835, 980
 Bores, Most Enigmatic of 918
 Boston, Canon Noel 46
 Bowen, John 269, 287, 789, 807

Books Reviewed (contd.)

Bowers, Faubion 83, 107, 157
 Bowmer, John C. 1028
 Boxer, C. R. 947
 Boyd, Andrew 1022, 1055
 Braddock, John 226
 Bradford, Jocelyn 638, 918
 'Brains Trust' dinner: Speech at 917
 Brazil's New Capital City 772
 Brent, Jim 262
 Bridge: Answers to Listeners' Problems 572, 611, 669, 709, 753, 805, 853, 901, 965, 1012, 1053, 1094
 Christmas Competition 665
 Report on Competition 541
 Some Hands for Play 483
 Why the Experts Make Mistakes 639
 Brighton, In Praise of 639
 British Association for the Advancement of Science: Presidential Address 291
 Broadcasting, The Future of 917
 Broadmoor or Dartmoor? 84
 Brogan, Denis 491, 543
 Brome, Vincent 30, 67
 Brook-Shepherd, Gordon 493, 543
 Broughton, Phyllis 627
 Brown, Douglas 261
 Brown, Ivor 102, 139, 175, 211, 248, 281, 319, 355, 394, 437, 481, 537, 577, 621, 663, 705, 749, 797, 849, 895, 961, 1007, 1049, 1068, 1091
 Bryden, Ronald 1089
 Bucknell, Barry 215
 Buffalo University Poetry Collection 155
 Bull, George 33
 Bullock, Alan 618
 Butler, Rt. Hon. R. A. 994
 CADETT, THOMAS 453, 549, 865
 Caernarvon, The Prince of Wales and 223
 Calder, Ritchie 454
 Calder-Marshall, Arthur 956
 Cambodia 41, 94, 130, 203
 Cambridge after the First World War 232
 Campbell, David 89
 Canada: Architecture of British Columbia 458
 Candles 1067
 Canterbury, Archbishop of 327
 Capitalism, In Defence of American 855
 Cardiff Castle 262
 Carols and Waits 1068
 Carpenter, Canon E. F. 263, 287
 Carr, C. F. 637
 Carrington, C. E. 953
 Carroll, Nicholas 220, 251
 Carr-Saunders, Sir Alexander 363, 399
 Carstairs, G. M. 534, 543
 Carter, Sydney 499
 Casserley, J. V. Langmead 988, 1015, 1035, 1075, 1095
 Catcher's Mitt 767
 Cats, Five Million 298
 Causley, Charles 10, 165, 223
 Chandola, Harish 41, 71
 Chappell, Phyllis 807
 Character in Towns, The Creation of 641
 Chess: Champions at Play 610, 741, 786
 Making the Most of Chess Openings 803
 What's Wrong with Black? 1012
 China: Chinese Names 683
 Differences of Outlook in Russia and 715
 Motor-car, The First Home-Made 913
 Overseas Chinese in South-East Asia 717
 People's Communes 717
 Russo-Chinese Relations 405
 China, Willow Pattern 994

Page	Page	Page
Chipp, David ... 9	'Cuth' ... 71	Drama, Broadcast (contd.)
Choice, The Problem of ... 989	Czechoslovakia ... 5	'Tulip Major, The' ... 1009
Christianity: Does it Need a 'New Look?' 830	DALE, KATHLEEN ... 285	'Under the Loofah Tree' ... 212
Church and England, The 17, 21, 129, 167	Dangerfield, Stanley ... 45	'Under the Sun' ... 623
Church, Richard ... 646	Daniel, Glyn ... 689, 711	'Unman, Wittering, and Zigo' ... 897
Churchill, Sir Winston and Lady: Golden Wedding ... 409	Darlington, C. D. ... 161, 179	'Vasco' ... 437
Circus, With the Soviet State ... 262	Davies, Louise ... 287	'Vision of William, The' ... 849
Claridge, S. A. ... 225	Davis, Frank ... 918	'Vortex, The' ... 578
Clark, Sir Kenneth ... 875, 903	Day, Alan ... 151, 179, 765, 807	'Whelks and the Chromium, The' ... 799
Clark, Leonard ... 464, 487, 649, 671, 732	Deakin, F. W. D. ... 1001	'Winter Journey, A' ... 176
Clifton-Taylor, Alec ... 612	Delhi, Free Fun in New ... 768	'Young Mother Hubbard' ... 799
Clutton-Brock, Alan ... 60, 240, 570, 656	Democracy, How can it be Renewed? ... 336	Draper, Gerald ... 221, 251
Codrington, Ann ... 410	Dickinson, A. E. F. ... 177	Dress, Englishmen's ... 297
Cohen, Gerda ... 818	Dig, Time Off to ... 867	Drew, Ruth 71, 107, 287, 443, 487, 583,
Collecting:	Dilemma of Security, The ... 3, 57, 205	711, 903, 967
Early English Drawings ... 771	Divorce, Two Views on	Drucker, Peter F. ... 631, 671, 685
Mercury Glass-ware ... 985	195, 237, 274, 311, 347, 385	Du Boulay, F. R. H. ... 687, 711
Miniatures ... 918	Dogs, Comfort Station for	Duncan, Ronald ... 924
Modern First Editions ... 602	Drama, Broadcast:	Dunlop, Ian ... 867
Railway Models ... 1027	'Adam' ... 320	Dunlop, J. T. ... 115, 143
Scientific Instruments, 'Old' ... 986	'Agamemnon of Aeschylus' ... 705	'Duplex' ... 443
Victorian Staffordshire Portrait Figures ... 512	'Alcestis' ... 705	Durai, J. Chinna ... 496, 543
Collinson, Hugh ... 767	'Astonished Heart, The' ... 621	
Colour in the Garden ... 131	'Atmosphere Man, The' ... 176	
Colville, Lady Cynthia ... 409	'Barren One, The' ... 1050	
Comet IV, The Making of ... 593	'Be Good, Sweet Maid' ... 895	
Communes of China, The People's ... 717	'Bombora' ... 438	
Communist Infiltration in the Middle East ... 293	'Bridge of Arta, The' ... 438	
Computer-controlled World? ... 983, 1083	'Brief Encounter' ... 578	
Concealed God, The ... 875	'Burning-Ground, The' ... 850	
Congo, Pygmies and Giants in the ... 507	'Call Me a Liar' ... 248	
Connell, John ... 20	'Chariot of Fire' ... 395	
Conrad, R. ... 128, 143	'Clementine' ... 212	
Constitutions, Political ... 491	'Come-Back, A' ... 103	
Continuity, The Question of ... 1032	'Constant Star, The' ... 706	
Contributors, Notes on 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Corruption in the Palace of Justice' ... 283	
Conurbations, The Problem of the ... 200, 238, 274	'Creation of the Animals, The' ... 319	
Cooke, Alistair 77, 107, 113, 416, 443, 589, 681	'Dark is a Long Way' ... 850	
Cooper, Martin ... 979	'Darkness at Pemberley' ... 665	
Corbett, J. P. ... 675, 711	'Day of Wrath' ... 539	
Cordeaux, John ... 364	'Deal in Ostriches, A' ... 750	
Corfield, Sir Conrad ... 267	'Dog Accident' ... 355	
Corke, Hilary ... 465, 950, 990	'Don't Panic, Chaps' ... 482	
Cornwall's White Witches ... 10	'Electric' ... 799	
Cosmos, Man in the ... 1059	'Europeans, The' ... 103	
'Cossacks' of St. James's Square ... 257	'Fall, The' ... 706	
Coulson, C. A. ... 87, 107	'Fire, Burn!' ... 68	
Craig, Albert ... 120	'Footsteps of Anne Frank, The' ... 665	
Craig, Harry ... 594	'Fugitive, The' ... 139, 176	
Cranston, Maurice ... 503, 543, 877, 903, 1087	'Glimpse of the Domesticity of Barnabas, A' ... 211	
Cricket: M.C.C.'s Tour of Australia ... 604	'Golden Fruit, The' ... 249	
Cricket Rhymes ... 120	'Haul for the Shore' ... 539	
Criminal Lunatics, Detention of ... 84	'High Gloss' ... 356	
Critic on the Hearth 29, 66, 101, 138, 174, 210, 247, 280, 318, 354, 393, 480, 536, 576, 620, 662, 704, 748, 796, 848, 894, 960, 1006, 1048, 1090	'High Pavement' ... 665	
Cromwell, Oliver:	'Hireling, The' ... 31	
Face of, The ... 377	'Inquisition' ... 1009	
Religion, What Was His? ... 335, 386	'Kasantsev Affair, The' ... 1009	
Servant of the Lord ... 769, 839	'Language of the Sea, The' ... 140	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Last Cornfield, The' ... 103	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Last Day, The' ... 578	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Letter in the Desert, A' ... 663	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Leviathan With an Hook' ... 103	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Lift From a Stranger' ... 356	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Locked Door, The' ... 963	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Mac a Failli' ... 68	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'McAndrew Family, The' ... 1009	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Man in My Shoes, The' ... 356	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Man Who Was a Horse, The' ... 623	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Marquise, The' ... 621	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Masters, The' ... 281	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Mediterranean Blue' ... 283	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Moderato Cantabile' ... 850	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Mourners, The' ... 283	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Nymphs and Shepherds Go Away' ... 356	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Paolo Paoli' ... 394	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Pericles, Prince of Tyre' ... 249	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Persians, The' ... 102	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Plot on the Moon' ... 750	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Poet and the Emperor, The' ... 963	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Prince of Homburg, The' ... 140	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Progress to the Park' ... 438	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Queen and the Welshman, The' ... 320	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Queen was in the Parlour, The' ... 578	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Quiet Corner, A' ... 175	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Quiet Man, A' ... 1050	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Red Peppers' ... 621	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Remember Who You Are' ... 176	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'River Engagement' ... 212	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Romeo and Jeannette' ... 30	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Rough and Ready Lot, The' ... 577	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Save the Standard' ... 850	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Sheherazade' ... 797	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'She'll Make Trouble' ... 1049	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Shoemakers' Holiday, The' ... 961	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Sixth Canto' ... 283	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Skiathos' ... 67	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Sky-line, The' ... 1007	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Small Island Moon' ... 320	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Snowbound' ... 963	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Storm, The' ... 481	
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Talking Bird, The' ... 249	
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Three-Bob Bit' ... 482	
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Tobias and the Angel' ... 665	
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Toxic Castle' ... 283	
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Trial of Lucullus, The' ... 749	
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	Drama, Broadcast (contd.)	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossman, R. H. S. ... 715, 755	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crosswords 35, 71, 107, 143, 179, 215, 251, 287, 323, 359, 399, 443, 487, 543, 583, 627, 671, 711, 755, 807, 855, 903, 967, 1015, 1055, 1095	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Croquet, Rediscovering ... 500, 572	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cropland, C. A. R. ... 447, 487	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Cross, Rupert ... 411, 443	'Drama, Broadcast (contd.)' ... 71	Page
Crossland, R. A. ... 1032, 1055		

	Page
Frank, Alan	33
Frankel, Paul	112, 143
Franklin, Harold	485, 541, 572, 611, 669, 709, 753, 805, 853, 901, 965, 1012, 1053, 1094
Fraser, Shelagh	594
Free Trade Area	151
Fricker, Peter Racine	333
Fuller, John	924, 1041
Future, Looking to the:	
Choice, The Problem of	989
Evil, The Problem of	919, 998
Man in the Cosmos	1059
Reason and Imagination	1030
'GAFFER, THE'	464
Gaitskell, Rt. Hon. Hugh	20, 929
Gao	510
Gardening:	
Anemones	805
Autumn Planning for Gardeners	471
Begonias	384
Christmas Roses	805
Colour in the Garden	131
Cyclamens, Hardy	430
December, Flowers in	1013
Freesias	95
Fruit Trees, Choosing and Growing	853
Greenhouse, Making the Best Use of a Small	608
Hedges and their Uses	753
Irises, Bulbous	567
Kitchen Garden, Work in the	965
Lilies that are Easy to Grow	233
Luculia Gratissima	275
Pergola, Making a Formal	309
Primula Malacoides	471
Gatwick Airport's New Terminal Building	166
Gaulle, General de: Problems before	549
Gee, Kenneth	376
General Knowledge Paper	1081
Gentlemen, The First English	687
Geophysical Year, International: Work	
Done	1071
George, F. H.	413, 443
George VI, King: Memorial	495
Germany:	
Berlin, A Decisive Answer in West	977
Berlin, Experience in	417
Berlin, Shopping in	119
Germany's 'Little Man'	334
How Can Germany Help Europe?	149, 238
Professional Classes in East Germany	1063
Reunification: Hopes and Fears	813
Rock 'n' Roll in East Germany	225
Ghana	510
Giants and Pygmies in the Congo	507
Gish, Me and Lillian	926
Glass, Ruth	981, 1015
Glass-ware, Mercury: Collecting	985
Glover, Gordon	120
Gluckman, Max	1089
Goddard, Scott	213, 1001
Godfrey, The Most Rev. William	587
Goldring, Mary	259, 287
Goodhart, A. L.	111, 143
Goodman, Jean	46
Gordon-Walker, Patrick	364
Gorer, Geoffrey	1080, 1089
Gransden, K. W.	29, 66, 101, 138, 174, 210, 248, 280, 319, 355, 457, 480, 533, 536, 558, 576, 620, 663, 704, 748, 796, 849, 894, 960, 1003, 1006, 1048, 1090
Gray, Andrew L.	309, 755, 886
Gray, James	364, 399
Greatorex, H. T.	605
Greece, The Making of Classical:	
Continuity, The Question of	1032
Homer's Epics, New Thoughts on	1069
Greek Architecture, Space and	599, 655
Greenwood, Julia	13
Genefell, Joyce	722
Grey-hen for a Shilling, A	918
Griffith, Wyn	81

	Page
Grigson, Geoffrey	1074
Guests	980
Guildhall Museum, Treasures in the	81
HAILSHAM, Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT	566
'Halexfax'	107
Hall-Williams, Eryl	84, 107
Hamilton, Iain	1051, 1055
Hampstead, Literary	190
Hanson, R. P. C.	1004
Harcourt, W. V.	255, 287, 345
Hardie, C. G.	1004
Hardinge, Lady	1084
Harris, R. J. C.	563, 583
Harvest, A Hard	593
Harvey, Anthony E.	241
Hastings, Lewis	202, 215
Hat, I Always Wear a	9
Hatfield, A Memory of Christmas at	1084
Hawthornthwaite, Elspeth	1068
Heard, Peter	143, 359, 399
Hearst, William Randolph	45
Henderson, Philip	31, 68, 103, 140, 176, 212, 249, 283, 320, 356, 395, 438, 482, 539
Hero, On Being a	594
Hershlag, Z. Y.	547, 583
Hill, Brian	1079
Hillaby, John	507, 543
Hindes, Kathleen	855
History, Life and	231
Hodgkin, Thomas	510, 543
Holbrook, David	553
Holden, Alan	153
Holford, Sir William	555, 583
Hollis, Christopher	949
Holmes, David	817
Home, Michael	683, 868
Homer's Epics, New Thoughts on	1069
Honey from Wild Bees	637
Hong Kong	1023
Hooper, John	684
Hope-Wallace, Philip	708, 711, 742, 755, 898, 1093
Hopkins, R. R.	42, 71
Horsfall, J. C.	406, 443
Horton, D. C.	236, 383
Hoskins, W. G.	337, 359
Housewife, Suggestions for the:	
Aluminium Tea-Pots, Cleaning	627
Bacon and Egg Pie	487
Bacon Recipe, A	287
Bath, Cleaning a	711
Cheese Pudding...	855
Chimney on Fire?	487
Christmas Puddings	711
Condensation in the House, How to Lessen	671
Dinner, A Suggestion for	903
Dry Rot and Woodworm, How to Deal with	35
Gammon with Orange Sauce...	967
Hammers, About	143
Handyman, Books for the	1095
Heating: New Ways to Keep Your House Warm	755, 786, 886
Hyacinths for Christmas	443
Ink Stains, Removing	443
Insulation, What is New in?	215
Insurance, Protecting Your Home by	1015, 1053
Jam-Making, Hints on	71, 95
Lamb, Casserole of	627
Linoleum, Preserving	903
Marrow Rings	711
Menu, A Simple	583
Mildew Stains	287
Nylon, Removing Paint from	627
Pack Successfully, How to	107
Paints, Jelly	323
Paints, One-coat	251
Pigeons, Casserole of	583
Polishes and their Uses	967
Pot Pourri	487
Putty, Removing	143
Reading for Children, Holidays	179
Refrigerator, Getting the Best out of Your	543
Salad, Carnival Ring	323
Sick Child, Amusing a	855
Sinks, Stainless Steel	583
Housewife, Suggestions for the (contd.)	
Soft Drinks, Home-made	107
Toffee Pudding	853
Toys, Making Soft Ones for Children	807
Toys, Painting	1055
Whitewood Furniture: Choosing and Finishing	359, 399
Wooden Tarts	287
Woolly Bears	71
Housewives' Painting Exhibition	409
Howard, Michael	3, 35
Hulton Picture Library	261, 386, 430
Human Story Behind Atomic Science	57, 94
Hunt, Professor Norman C.	501, 543
Hurricanes, Curious Habits of	416
Hussey, Dyneley	33, 69, 105, 141, 177, 213, 250, 285, 321, 357, 397, 441, 482, 540, 581, 624, 666, 706, 752, 800, 852, 897, 964, 1010, 1051, 1092
Huxley, Aldous: on Thought Control	373
ICELAND:	
Fishing Limits	328, 406
Inside Iceland	453
Ideologies and the Peril to Mankind	675, 741, 841
Immigration and Britain's Racial Riots	363, 364, 571
Inala, The	236
Incentives—the Turn of the Tide?	42
India and Pakistan: Community Building	368
India: Law and Minorities	496
Indirect Aggression, What Is?	403
Individual and the Universe, The:	
Astronomy and the State	907
Astronomy Breaks Free	759
New Astronomy, The	869
Origin of the Universe, The	971, 1019
Solar System, The Origin of the	819
Industry: Problems of Management	501
Inheritance, The Discontinuous	85
International Court of Justice	191
Interviewing on Television	189
Invasion of Europe, Planning of the	257
Ionides, Michael	183, 215
Iraq:	
The Coup d'Etat	75
Tribute to King Feisal	114
Irving, Henry, and Ellen Terry: Memories of	645
Isaacs, Alick	82
Isaacs, Professor J.	721
Israel Today	365
Italy:	
Christmas in Rome	1067
Meaning of the New Government	41
'JAC'	855
'Jackdaw'	287
Jackson, Colin	499
Jacobs, Robert L.	105
James, Henry	426
Japan:	
Memories of Old	460
Temper of Post-war	1061
Japanese Art, Treasures of	24
Jarvis, C. M.	593
Jazz, Origins of	453, 571
Jellyfish	410
Jennings, R. Y.	191, 215
Jigsaw-Puzzle Club	594, 695
Johnson, Pamela Hansford	388
Johnston, Denis	232, 251
Jolowicz, J. A.	47, 71
Jones, Ivor	119, 153, 225, 334
Jones, Kenneth Glyn	779, 807
KAHN-FREUND, OTTO	634, 671
Keats, John	505
Kennedy, Malcolm D.	529, 543
Kennedy, Margaret	920, 967

Page	Page	Page	
Key, Helen ...	543	Mayes, Stanley ...	371
King, Francis ...	412	Mazes and Magic ...	817
Kingsbury, Ann ...	768	Medley, Margaret ...	24, 35
Kipper: Is it what it was? ...	721	Melville, Robert ...	530, 543
Kirkup, James 56, 131, 192, 341, 376, 724, 872, 998		Melzack, R. ...	49, 71, 92
Kirton, Valerie ...	818	Metaphysics: Is It Obsolete? ...	879, 933, 997
Klein, John W. ...	69	Meteorite Craters ...	454
Knight-Jones, E. W. ...	406	Meynell, Francis ...	944
Knowledge and 'Know-how' 299, 347, 385, 429		Michaelis, Anthony ...	986, 1015
LACK, DAVID ...	691, 711	Michie, James ...	376
Lambeth Conference in Retrospect ...	327	Middle Class, Rise of the Salaried ...	631
Lampert, Eugene ...	193, 215	Middle East, Communist Infiltration in the ...	293
Lancaster, Osbert ...	1073, 1095	Middle East Crisis, The:	
Landscape of Taste ...	767	Europe's Oil Supplies: Are They Threatened? ...	112
Lane, Frank ...	82, 410	How the Americans Heard the News ...	113
Laski, Marghanita ...	955	Legal Aspects of Intervention, The ...	111
Latin America, Economic Troubles in ...	117	Middle East; Economic Future of the ...	547
Law and Minorities in India ...	496	Midgley, John ...	911, 967
Law in Action:		Migrant Birds, Watching them by Radar ...	691, 741
Accidents to Young Children ...	47	Miller, Bruce ...	534, 543
International Court of Justice ...	191	Milnes, Florence ...	154
Law and Restraint of Trade ...	823	Milton, John ...	312, 347, 386
Proving a Witness's Consistency ...	411	Miniatures for Collectors ...	918
Social Security and the Law Courts ...	634, 694	Miscellaneous Paragraphs:	
Law of the Sea ...	6	A.B.C. of Atom Energy, The ...	84
Layton, Robert ...	964	Andrea del Castagno ...	14
Leading Articles:		Archery from A to Z ...	1051
Angry Young Men, More 'Archers', Two Thousand ...	8	Asbury, Francis: <i>Journal and Letters of</i> ...	862
Bank Holiday Reflections ...	452	A.U.H.F. Television Link for Outside Broadcasts ...	79
Biography, The Art of ...	152	Barbary Legend: War, Trade and Piracy in North Africa, 1415-1830 ...	117
Books Under Fire ...	118	B.B.C. Annual Report and Accounts, 1957-58 ...	558
Books, Hunting Rare ...	498	B.B.C. Handbook 1959 ...	1060
'Brains Trust', The ...	592	B.B.C. Symphony Concerts ...	321
British Association for the Advancement of Science ...	916	Bedfordshire Historical Record Society, Vol. No. XXXVIII ...	644
British Way of Life ...	296	Beriousova, Svetlana ...	800
Cambridge Days ...	552	Book of the Bow, The ...	1051
Christmas 1958 ...	224	Brague ...	14
Classical Learning ...	1066	Bridge Psychology ...	709
Cromwell Today ...	370	British Association for the Advancement of Science: change of address ...	125
Doctor and Artist ...	332	British Broadcasting: A Bibliography 1958 ...	130
Elizabethan Age, The ...	720	Carpaccio ...	14
Garden, In Your ...	816	Commons in Medieval English Parliaments ...	572
Gentleman, Almost a ...	80	Composers Eleven, A ...	105
Hoop, Re-enter the ...	682	Cooking from the Commonwealth ...	443
National Gallery: The Trustees' Report ...	978	Cromwell, Oliver: and the Puritan Revolution ...	572
Nelson Touch, The ...	866	Davis, Mike, at the Royal Ballet ...	800
Novel-writing ...	452	Decca Book of Jazz, The ...	484
Queen at Westminster ...	408	Deep Freezing at Home ...	275
Radio Show, The ...	636	De La Rue History of British and Foreign Postage Stamps, 1855-1901, The ...	776
Reith Lectures, The ...	766, 1026	Droll Stories ...	266
Royal Visit, A ...	44	Duke Ellington: His Life and Music ...	484
State and Art, The ...	188	Elizabethan History, Essays in ...	934
State Opening of Parliament ...	636	European Parliament, Towards a ...	117
Television Service, B.B.C. ...	260	Experiment with Time ...	194
Leon' ...	251, 807	Expert Game, The ...	709
Letters to the Editor:		Gardening for Display ...	430
Accidents to Young Children ...	129	Genée, Adeline: <i>A Lifetime of Ballet Under Six Reigns</i> ...	800
African Revolution from the Inside ...	59	Giant's Strength, A ...	718
American Foreign Policy, Bases of ...	238, 273, 430	Harmony for the Listener ...	177
... and Mr. Fortescue, ...	608	History of the World Conqueror, The ...	117
Arabs, Coming to Terms with the ...	273, 345, 385	History Today ...	572
Architecture of Towns ...	608, 655	Hulton Picture Library ...	192
'Armchair Voyage' ...	274	Intelligent Gardening: a Practical Guide to Labour-Saving Methods ...	430
Art in New York Today ...	694	Japanese Tradition in British and American Literature, The ...	24
Asian Politics, Gunpowder in ...	1083	Jazz, A Handbook of ...	484
Austria since the Occupation ...	571, 655	Jazz, The Decca Book of ...	484
Backward Countries, Developing ...	273	Jefferson, Thomas: <i>The Papers of: Volume 14, October 8, 1788, to March 26, 1789</i> ...	1025
Barbecue in the Yard ...	239	Keats, John: <i>The Poetical Works of</i> ...	818
'Beat Generation' in the U.S.A. ...	57	Lord of the Flies ...	194
Beliefs, Fundamental ...	129, 167, 274	Masaccio, Vol. I ...	14
Cambodia ...	94, 130, 205	Masaccio-Marolino, Filippino Lippi, Vol. II ...	14
Campbell, Mrs. Patrick ...	572	Mason, André: <i>Exhibition</i> ...	788
Chess Champions at Play ...	741, 786	Music, A New Dictionary of ...	484
Chinese Art ...	275	Music for the Millions ...	105
Church and Divorce, The ...	237, 274, 311, 347, 385	Nigger of the Narcissus and The Mirror of the Sea, The ...	160
Church and England, The ...	21, 129, 167	Parting of the Way, The: <i>Lao Tzu and the Taoist Movement</i> ...	461
Computer-controlled World? ...	1083	Patronage, A New Pattern of ...	558
Conurbations, Problem of the ...	238, 274	Piero della Francesca ...	14
Cromwell's Religion, What was? ...	386	Pilgrim Trust's Twenty-Seventh Annual Report 1957 ...	160
Croquet, Rediscovering ...	572	Political Quarterly, The ...	369
Dead Sea Scrolls ...	22, 58	Probation, The Results of ...	702
Delius—Twenty Years After ...	22	Roman and Native in North Britain ...	1000
Dilemma of Security ...	57, 205	Roman Britain, Town and Country in ...	1000
Dr. Zhivago ...	515	Ruins in the Sky ...	702
Education in America ...	998	Russian Ballet Master ...	800
Edward King and our times ...	275, 386	Saturday Book 18, The ...	742
Egypt's Failure in the Sudan ...	311, 345, 430	Science and the Idea of God ...	228
Eliot's New Play, Mr. ...	386, 429	Scotland Before History ...	1000
English Civil War ...	239	Snowdonia—National Park Guide ...	984
Evil, The Problem of ...	998	Social Service Quarterly ...	465
Evolution by Natural Selection ...	94, 129, 205	Somerset Maugham Award 1959 ...	934
Evolution in Action ...	238	Students, Procedure for Admission of ...	12
Eye Disorders and the Artist ...	785, 841, 885	Tales of Hearsay and Suspense ...	160
Fernem Land, In ...	274, 347		
Germany: How Can She Help Europe? ...	238		
Greek Architecture, Space and ...	655		
Guinness Book of Poetry, The ...	22, 57, 130		
Half Truths about America ...	786, 841, 886		
Handwriting, National Survey of ...	886		

Miscellaneous Paragraphs (contd.)

Time of the Mango-Flowers	702
Travels of Ibn Battuta, The: Vol. I	117
Verse and Worse: Collected Poems 1909-1935	194
Vouet, Simon	696
What Roosevelt Thought: the Social and Political Ideas of Franklin D. Roosevelt	1025
White, John	862
Who Moved the Stone?	194
Wisdom of Confucius, The	461
Wisdom of Laoise, The	461
Mitchell, Donald	141
Mitchison, Naomi	768
Monastery, Mr. Hearst's	45
Monk, General	1028
Montgomery, Field-Marshal Viscount	453, 719
Moore, Geoffrey	133, 143
Moore, Patrick	454
Morgan, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick	257, 287
Morton, Phyllis Digby	107
Mosely, Philip E.	147, 179
Moss, Elaine	179
Moss, Stirling	683
Mostyn, J. P.	143
Motor-Car, China's First Home-Made	9
Motor-Car:	
Desiring and Acquiring a	731
Driving and Arriving	835
Outlay, Input, and Upkeep of Your	777
Murison, David	593
Murphy, Michael J.	372
Murphy, Richard	1045
Music:	
Barber, Samuel	213
Beethoven	177, 397
Blow, John	1010
Critic on the Hearth	31, 68, 103, 140, 176, 212, 249, 283, 320, 356, 395, 438, 482, 539, 578, 623, 665, 706, 750, 799, 850, 897, 963, 1009, 1050, 1092
Eck, Werner	141
Ferguson, Howard	624
Fricker, Racine	581
Gerhard, Roberto	484
Holst, Gustav	800
Italian Madrigals	250
Jazz, Origins of	453
Lalo	441
Liszt	285
Monteverdi	666, 695
Murrill, Herbert	33
Palestrina	540
Reizenstein	357
Roman, Johan Helmich	964
Schubert	852
Stravinsky	69
Tchaikovsky	752
Televised Music	708, 898, 1093
Viennese Composers and the String Quartet	1051
Wagner	105
Weber	321
Webern	1051
Mycock, Bertram	119
MACAULAY, ROSE	742
MacClure, Victor	583, 627, 903
Macdonald, Jeanette	371
McDonnell, John	817
Macmillan, Rt. Hon. Harold	495
McQuown, F. R.	471
'NALON'	487
Natural History of Man, The	161, 238
Natural Selection after 100 Years	11, 94, 129, 205
Natural Selection at Work Today	123
Navigation in Transatlantic Flying	259
Navigation, New Aids to	779
Negro in the United States, The New	981
Nelson Exhibition at Greenwich	554
Neville, Robert	861, 903
New Zealand:	
Architectural Impressions	825, 934
Economic Position	406
Newman, Ernest, A Tribute to	979
Newman, Robert: and the 'Proms'	153
News Diary	18, 54, 90, 126, 162, 198, 234, 270, 306, 342, 380, 422, 466, 516, 564, 606, 650, 692, 734, 782, 832, 880, 936, 992, 1036, 1076

Page

Newton, Eric	310
Nicholas, H. G.	763, 807
Nicholl, Admiral A. D.	331
Nicholson, Norman	922, 967
Nonweiler, T. R. F.	590, 627
Norfolk Broads, A Holiday on the	229
North, Call of the	818
Nove, Alec	450, 487
Novelist and his Subject-Matter, The	426
Novelist, On Beginning to be a	789
Novels Reviewed:	
Anatomy of a Murder	435
Awake for Mourning	64
Bear Garden, The	352
Bell, The	1046
Black Spider, The	352
Blush, The	794
Branding Iron, The	279
Breakfast at Tiffany's	955
Cautious Heart, The	794
Cross of Baron Samedi, The	892
Daddy's Gone a-Hunting	575
Death in the Family, A	279
Discourse with Shadows	279
Dr. Zhivago	387
End of a Summer's Day	137
Fenner's Kingdom	575
Great Betrayal, The	435
Jew's Beech, The	352
Justice of the Heart	575
King Must Die, The	575
Law, The	279
Life at Happy Knoll	137
Love and the Loveless	1046
Love Man, The	64
Mary Ann	209
Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot, The	892
Mountolive	702
No Langueze but a Cry	702
Northern Light, The	955
Of Age and Innocence	1046
Our Man in Havana	702
Painter of Our Time, A	892
Phantom Limb, The	955
Pillar of Cloud	794
Prospects Are Pleasing, The	352
Rack, The	794
Ripple from the Storm, A	702
Robinson	64
Southerner, The	575
Stories of Cedette, The	955
Taking it Easy	209
Tea at Shadow Creek	794
Ten Miles from Anywhere	64
Theresa's Choice	352
Time to be Happy, A	137
Tribe of Women, A	209
Two Women	137
Venus in Sparta	435
Visitors, The	209
Way We Live Now, The	352
Week in the Country, A	435
Wild Coast, The	1046
Nowell-Smith, P. H.	299, 323
'Nut'	35, 627
OCTOPUS, THE HABITS OF THE	82
'Odif'	399
Off-shore Islands: Quemoy and Matsu	681
Oil in Venezuela, Crisis over	1022
Oil Supplies Threatened, Are Europe's?	112
Oman, Carola	519, 543, 1045
Oppenheim, E. Phillips	344
O'Rorke, Richard	977
Owen, Robert: Socialist Visionary	877, 933, 997
'Owl, That'	154
Ox, The Little	153
PAIN: MEMORIES AND PATTERNS	92
Pain, The Personal	49
Palaces, A Progress of	867
Parachute Jumping at Sixty	202
Parent, Portrait of a	868
Paris Holiday	189
Parliament in Six Reigns	303
Parsons, Peculiar	46
Partner, Peter	633, 671
Party Political Broadcasts	20, 566, 929, 994
Paul, David	578, 623, 665, 706, 750, 799, 850, 897, 963, 1009, 1050, 1092
Paul, Leslie	340, 359
Pay As You View	462
Page	
Payment by Results, Systems of	42
Peace, Thinking About	675, 741, 841
Pearson, Hesketh	953, 1046
Pemberton, W. Baring	1043, 1089
Pendle, George	117, 143
Perry, Frances	443
Pevsner, Nikolaus	825, 855
Pickles, Dorothy	219, 251
Picture Features:	
London Art Exhibitions	204, 505
Nature in Photographs	987
Royal Photographic Society's Autumn Exhibition	415
Photographs of the Week	18, 54, 90, 126, 162, 198, 234, 270, 306, 348, 380, 422, 466, 516, 564, 606, 650, 692, 734, 782, 832, 880, 936, 992, 1036
Toys, New and Old	1077
Pipe Dream, My	388
'Pipeg'	359
Piper, David	377, 399
Piper, Myfanwy	958
Plant, Sir Arnold	462, 487
Plaques and Coats of Arms, Making	372
Plomer, William	524, 639, 671, 780
Poems:	
Absent Summer	872
Ballad of the Last Night	197
Bible Story	223
Body-builder, The	341
Burning the Stubble	882
Bus Boycott	302
By-products	646
Clown, The	998
Cows	56
Day, The	343
Death of the Poet	1041
Delos: Alcaics	376
Early Drowned, The	990
For T. S. Eliot's Seventieth Birthday	457
Freud in the Nursery	874
Friday's Child	1065
From a Cornish Tin Mine	376
Home Again, Home Again	313
Icarus	727
It's My Turn Now	724
Last Look: Athens, 1957, The	412
Last Picnic, The	558
Light	192
Lofoten	427
Loiterers	242
Meditation for All Souls Night, A	695
Message at Parting	982
Microcosmic Song	93
Miss Elliott	165
'Moult Sont Prudhommes Les Templiers'	1041
Night Labour	1041
Old Man's Face, An	131
Patriarchs	230
Peninsula	803
Pleasures I Wish Them	1074
Poetry Reading	1041
Portrait in the Guards, A	822
Public Holiday	376
Rebels and Accepters	304
Red Hawk, The	89
Solitudes, The	924
Superstition	93
Takeover, The	927
Thomas to Peter	465
Tunisian-Algerian Frontier	341
Waiting	131
Warning to Gloria	268
West Coast Style	924
Winter Pictures	1079
With Palate for Fine Things but Penny Mouth	01
Young Girl's Tomb, A	774
Young Jackdaw, A	780
Poet in the City, The	1040
Poland:	
Church and State	220
Cracow, a Centre of Polish Culture	499
Old Warsaw Reborn	499
'Pone'	143
Pope, The:	
Election of a New Pope	588
Tribute to Pope Pius XII	587
Vatican, The New Power at the	861
Population Clock, America's	930
Posters, Old American	979
Postgate, J. P.	378, 429, 468
Postgate, Raymond	378, 399
Pound, Reginald	393, 436
Powell, Dilys	568, 583
Powell, J. Enoch	561, 583, 597, 811, 855
Pre-Raphaelites, The	13, 57, 94
Presents for All	1027
Pressures of Business	501

Page	Page	Page			
rewer, George: A Call on	683	Rowse, A. L.	527, 843, 943	Sprott, W. J. H.	1043
riestland, Gerald	553, 763, 767, 886, 979, 1027	Russell, A. S.	1003	Stanley-Wrench, Margaret	882
Prince, F. T.	1041	Russell, John	624	Stansgate, Lord	303, 323
Prince of Wales and Caernarvon, The	225	Russians, On Meeting Ordinary	83	Stephens, Robert	20
Rittie, Terence	149, 179, 813, 855	Russo-Chinese Relations	405	Stereophonic Broadcasting	605
roduction in the Age of Affluence	447, 514, 571, 608	Ryan, Margaret	583, 721	Stevens, Denis	540, 543
rotheroe, Alan	262	ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, RECOLLECTIONS OF	120	Stevenson, Quentin	427, 1041
ryce-Jones, Alan	15, 35, 828, 855	Salmon, Christopher	340, 359	Stewart, Oliver	593
unch, Long Live!	553, 608	Samuel, Viscount	919, 989, 1030, 1059	Stokes, Sewell	344, 359, 926, 967
uppy, Choosing a	45	Sanders, Margaret	190	Strang, Lord	520
urcell, Victor	1004	Sarah, Learning from	732	Straw-plaiting	226
ygmyes and Giants in the Congo	507	Sargent, Sir Malcolm	453, 480	Streeter, F. H.	95, 233, 275, 384, 430, 471, 567, 608, 753, 805, 853, 965, 1013, 1045
QUEMOY, THREAT TO	331	Satellites, Earth: A Problem for Designers	590	Strike, The Right to	677
RACIAL RIOTS, IMMIGRATION AND	363, 364, 571	Scannell, Vernon	874	Stuart, Douglas	638
adio, The Unreliable	259	Schapiro, Leonard	943	Stubbs's Anatomical Drawings	868
ailway Models, Collecting	1027	School, Enjoying	722	Sudan, Egypt's Failure in the	255, 311, 345, 430
ailways, No Poetry in	922, 998, 1039, 1083	Schoolmaster, A Gloucestershire	464	Summers, Hal	131, 304, 695, 982
ailways, The Future of British	765, 839	Science:		Sun, Watching the	1071
aine, Kathleen	559, 583	Atomic: Human Story behind	57, 94	Superstitions, Fishermen's	554
Ramal'	543	'Atoms for Peace' Conference	454	Sutton, Denys	637
ao, Santha Rama	121, 143	British Association: Presidential Lecture	291	Sylvester, David	51, 168, 276, 428, 604, 842, 1000
ayner, Claire	855	Computer-controlled World?	983, 1083	Symbols, A Traditional Language of	559
ead, Sir Herbert	527, 944	Eye Disorders and the Artist	728, 785, 841, 885		
ason and Imagination	1030	Evolution in Action	11, 52, 85, 123, 161		
epices		Forgetting, Experiments on	128, 515, 741		
(see Housewife, Suggestions for the)		Machine: Can it Create Art?	413, 468		
edundancy: a Problem for the Trade		Meteorite Craters	454		
Unions	259	Migrant Birds: Watching Them by Radar	691, 741		
ees, Goronwy	352, 435, 575, 702, 794, 892, 955, 1046	Navigation, New Aids to	779		
eece, Terence	572, 611, 669, 709, 753, 805, 853, 901, 965, 1012, 1053, 1094	Pain: Memories and Patterns	92		
egimental Glories	638	Scientific Instruments, Collecting Old	986		
Reith Lectures, The	759, 819, 837, 869, 885, 907, 933, 971, 1019, 1038, 1083	Sun, Watching the	1071		
eligion:		Viruses	82, 563		
Biblical Theology, A Crisis in	241	(see also Reith Lectures)			
Christianity: Does It Need a 'New Look'?	830				
Church and England, The	17				
Divorce, Two Views on	195, 237, 274, 311, 347				
End of My World, The	988				
End of Our World, The	1035				
End of the Mind's World, The	1075				
Fundamental Beliefs	87, 129, 167, 274				
Lambeth Conference in Retrospect	327				
Marriage, Christian	227, 263				
Scrolls and the New Testament, The	723				
Renaissance Interpretation of Pagan Myths	875				
Restraint of Trade, The Law and	823				
rex, John	305, 323				
rhodes, Anthony	5, 35				
richards, I. A.	93				
richards, J. M.	166, 179, 772, 807				
ichmond, Sir Arthur	159, 179, 460, 487, 736, 755				
ichmond Friary	9				
oad with No Turning, A	15				
obertson, Bryan	939				
obot Detectives in Science Fiction	775				
ock 'n' Roll in East Germany	225				
ocks, The Record of the	52				
odger, Ian	31, 68, 103, 140, 176, 212, 249, 283, 320, 356, 395, 438, 481, 539, 578, 623, 665, 706, 750, 799, 850, 897, 963, 1009, 1050, 1092				
odgers, W. R.	9, 554				
oe, David	251, 323				
ome, A Novice in	721				
ome, Christmas in	1067				
oss, Alan	302, 341				
ota, Bertram	602				
othenstein, Sir John	409				
oubiczek, Paul	879, 903, 997				
Scott, Hardiman	328, 453, 1067				
Scrolls and the New Testament, The	723				
Sea, Law of the	6				
Seaman, Gerald	752				
Sebley, Edward	189				
Serpell, Christopher	81, 930				
Seton, Dora	71, 711				
Seven Days Before the Mast	229				
Shanks, Michael	259, 287				
Shaw, Watkins	1010				
'Sheep, Oh Leave Your'	1068				
Shiner on a Bike	818				
Shinwell, Rt. Hon. Emanuel	529				
Shonfield, Andrew	39, 71				
Shop Floor and Office	329				
Short Story:					
Tyger, Tyger	1078				
Shrimping at Southport	980				
Siamese Cats	410				
Silberman, Leo	549, 583				
'Simmo'	967				
Singapore	1023				
Sisters, The Two	649				
Skelton, Robin	1040, 1055				
'Smada'	755				
Smith, Geoffrey Johnson	189				
Smith, John	341				
Smith, Patrick	226, 298, 588, 1067				
Smithson, Peter	599, 627				
Social Security and the Law Courts	634, 694				
Sociology: Is it Doing its Job?	305				
Solt, Leo F.	335				
Songs, Crying Out for British	768				
Sotheby's Record Sale of Seven					
Treasures	637				
South Africa, Memories of	736				
Soyer, Alexis	265				
Spaghetti Museum	226				
Spain: 'The Finest Travel-book					
English'	337				
Sparks, H. F. D.	723, 755				
Speaight, Robert	455, 487				
Sprott, W. J. H.	1043				
Stanley-Wrench, Margaret	882				
Stansgate, Lord	303, 323				
Stephens, Robert	20				
Stereophonic Broadcasting	605				
Stevens, Denis	540, 543				
Stevenson, Quentin	427, 1041				
Stewart, Oliver	593				
Stokes, Sewell	344, 359, 926, 967				
Strang, Lord	520				
Straw-plaiting	226				
Streeter, F. H.	95, 233, 275, 384, 430, 471, 567, 608, 753, 805, 853, 965, 1013, 1045				
Strike, The Right to	677				
Stuart, Douglas	638				
Stubbs's Anatomical Drawings	868				
Sudan, Egypt's Failure in the	255, 311, 345, 430				
Summers, Hal	131, 304, 695, 982				
Sun, Watching the	1071				
Superstitions, Fishermen's	554				
Sutton, Denys	637				
Sylvester, David	51, 168, 276, 428, 604, 842, 1000				
Symbols, A Traditional Language of	559				
TALLENTS, SIR STEPHEN	407				
Taylor, Basil	419, 696				
Taylor, Geoffrey	313				
Taylor, Rachel	683				
Teasels in the Woollen Industry	722				
Television: Is it Bad for Children?	1080				
Television Broadcasting:					
A to Z'	663				
Afternoon for Antigone'	30				
Air Mail from Cyprus'	849				
Armchair Voyage'	174, 274				
Arms and the Man'	576				
Atlantic Station'	894				
Behind the Headlines'	393				
Bernadette Soubirous'	1006				
Better Late'	749, 797, 1091				
Black on White'	210				
Board of Management, The'	797				
Brains Trust, The'	436				
Breakthrough'	848				
British Art and Artists'	66, 318, 536				
Brouhaha'	481				
Bullet, The'	319				
Buried Treasure'	138, 748, 1006				
Castiglione Brothers, The'	139				
Celebrity Recital'	436				
Charlesworth at Large'	355				
Children on Trial'	210				
Chinese Journey'	576				
Christmas Child, The'	1049				
Christmas Crackerjack'	1091				
Command in Battle'	1048				
Commentator, The'	481				
Como, Perry	248				
Coronation of Pope John XXIII	796				
'Cowslip 58'	749				
Crime Report'	280				
Daphne Laureola'	211				
Dixon of Dock Green'	537				
Does Class Matter?'	318, 354, 393, 480				
Dover Road, The'	437				
Drake, Charlie'	849				
Dr. Angelus'	281				
Duke in Darkness, The'	1007				
End of the Equation, The'	749				
Expresso Bongo'	1049				
Eye on Research'	620, 704				
Farnborough Air Display'	393				
Flying Ambulance'	436				
Pour for Solitaire'	704				
Freedom of the Prisoner, The'	248				
Frog, The'	139				
Gracie'	620				
Grand National Night'	67				
Granite'	961				
Green Pastures, The'	437				
Hass, Hans	247, 393				
Heart's a Wonder, The'	577				
Heiress, The'	393				
Home is the Hero'	174				
Hour of the Rat'	537				
House Opposite, The'	211				
Hunting with Eagles'	662				
Huxley, Aldous	280				
Ice on Fire'	961				
Immortal Evan Harris, The'	577				
Incident at Echo Six'	1049				
Inheritors, The'	848, 960, 1090				
Inside Chance, The'	394				
International Show Jumping	536				
'Lady from the Sea, The'	319				
'Laughing Woman, The'	1049				
'Leave it to Todhunter'	663				
'Lifeline'	210, 280, 354, 480				
'Lion's Den'	576, 620				

	Page
Living for Pleasure	895
Living with Danger	210, 247, 393
Long Sunset, The	280
Long View, The	536
Look	66, 138, 704, 1006, 1090
Lost City	748
Lover's Leap	102
Lower Depths, The	849
March of Time	210
Marrying of Milly, The	319
Meeting Point	620, 894
Midsummer Night's Dream, A	797
Monitor	29, 101, 174, 436, 576, 662, 748, 849, 960, 1048
Murder in Mind	895
Nanook of the North	210
New Moons	138
Night in the City	210
Noble Spaniard, The	481
Nothing but the Truth	355
Old Acquaintance	437
On Call to a Nation	704
On the Threshold	247
Our Mutual Friend	895, 961
Outlook	354
Panorama	29, 66, 536, 620, 796, 894, 1006, 1090
Pariah, The	319
Personal Playhouse	663
Press Conference	101, 138, 280, 319, 436, 480, 576, 608, 786, 796, 960
Private Eye for Pennsylvania, A	621
Private Investigator	1007
Red Rose for Ransom	281
Rest You Merry	1091
Riverside One	621, 797, 1091
Romeo and Juliet	895, 886, 998
Royal Family of Broadway, The	210
Royalty, The	102, 175
Russian Pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition	247
Salzburg Festival	247
Science is News	704
Sculptor's Landscape, A	66, 536
Second Inquiry	848, 960
Shadow of Doubt, The	248
Shaft of Light, A	621
Sid Caesar Invites You	211, 319
Skating: The Richmond Trophy	796
Sky Larks, The	102, 175
Solo for Canary	961
Southampton	210
Speaking Personally	393, 480
Sportsview	480
State Opening of Parliament	748
Statue of David	101
Steiner Collection of Musical Boxes	101
Steve Allen Show	577, 849
Stronger, The	319
Summer in Sicily, A	1006
Suspect	67
Ted Ray Show	537
Television Music-Hall	211
Thirty Pieces of Silver	355
This Day in Fear	66
This Is Your Life	620, 695
Three Daughters of M. Dupont, The	663
Till Time Shall End	960
Tonight	29, 101, 138, 354, 480, 662, 704, 748, 894, 1006
Trespass	895
Uncertain Mercy	394
Uninvited, The	894
Untouchable, The	537
Wakey, Wakey	663
Wanted—One Body	705
Ware Case, The	139
Whack-O!	537
What Shall We Tell Caroline?	30
Who Fought Alone	705
Who Said That?	393
You Are There	175, 248, 281, 318
You Take Over	662
Young Affair, A	355
Yvette	30
Television in the United States	553, 786, 841, 886
Terry, Ellen: Memories of Henry Irving and	645
Tessimond, A. S. J.	268
Theatre:	
American	873
Elder Statesman, The	340, 386, 429, 468
English, Changing Fashions in the	269
Thesiger, Ernest	985, 1015
Thistlthwaite, Frank	941
Thomas, J. Heywood	830, 855
Thompson, W. W.	153
Thomson, James	75, 107
Thornton, Anne	627
Thurber, James	297
'Tickatrack'	1015
Tinker, Hugh	368, 399, 975, 1015
Tippett, Michael	800
Toast: How and How Not to Make It	154
Tokyo	1023
Touring Car, Choosing a	683
Towns, Creation of Character in	641
Toyn, Walter	918
Tracy, Honor	64, 137, 209, 279
Trade Unions, The Power of	677
Tree, What Price a?	120
Treitel, G. H.	823, 855
'Trochos'	323
Troutbeck, Sir John Munro	114
Truscott, Harold	397, 852
Trustam, C. F.	1015, 1053, 1055
Tunisia's Break with United Arab Republic	633
Turkish Decorative Art Exhibition	371
Turner, Norman	980
Tuve, Rosemond	312, 323
'Tyke'	1095
UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS:	
Agriculture's 'New Deal'	450
Architecture, The Dilemma of Soviet	725
Differences of Outlook in Russia and China	715
Russo-Chinese Relations	405
State Circus, With the Soviet	262
Variety and Operetta in Moscow	157, 239
Visit to	83
Women and Children in	121
United States of America:	
Air Trip to California	589
Alaska	77
Americans and Englishmen	297
Art in New York Today	647, 694
Barbecue in the Yard, The	81, 239
'Beat Generation'	15
Buffalo University Poetry Collection	155
Capitalism, In Defence of	859
Catcher's Mitt	767
Dogs, Comfort Station for	10
Economic Outlook	39
Education and Future American Society	685, 998
Election, Eve of an American	681
Election Results	763
Electoral Process	763
False Dawn	39
Foreign Policy, Bases of	147, 238, 273, 430
Half Truths about	786, 841, 886
Literary Tradition, A Great American	133
Middle East Crisis: How Americans Heard the News	113
Negro, The New	981
Population Clock	930
Posters, Old American	979
Presents for All	1027
Salaried Middle Class, Rise of the	631
Television	553, 786, 841, 886
Theatre, Impressions of the	873
VATICAN CITY, INSIDE	
	298
Vatican, New Power at the	861
Venezuela, The Crisis over Oil in	1022
Verwoerd, Dr. H. F.	364
Viceroyal Circles	267, 386
Victorian Staffordshire Portrait Figures	512
Victorians, On Meeting Some Famous	159
Vidler, Alec	17, 35, 59
Villiers, George	154
Vinter, Dr. Sidney	120
Viruses: A New Way of Fighting Them	82
WIRUSES: TAKING THEM TO PIECES	
	563
Voltaire	1029
WAGE RATES: ARE WE OBSESSED WITH THEM?	
	115
Wages in Industry and Office	329
Wales, The Earliest People of	689
Walker, F. D.	10
Walker, James	1078
Walker, Roy	523, 543
Wall, Bernard	387, 399
Wallace, Mike	373
Walsh, William	505, 543
War, The Idea of the Just	221
Warren, C. Henry	927
Waterhouse, Ellis	788, 807
Watkins, Vernon	242, 774, 1041
Watson, D. M. S.	52, 71
Watson, F. J. B.	1042
Watson, Francis	1087
Watson, George	595, 627
Webb, Harold	722
Webster, Margaret	873, 903
Webster, T. B. L.	1069, 1095
Wedgwood, C. V.	769, 807
Weir, Molly	287, 323, 487
Weissmann, John S.	357
Wells, H. G.	426
Wending, The Shop in Little	190
Westrup, J. A.	666
Whaling, International Convention for Regulation of	7
What They Are Saying	8, 44, 80, 118, 152, 188, 224, 260, 296, 332, 370, 408, 452, 498, 552, 592, 636, 682, 720, 766, 816, 866, 916, 978, 1026, 1066
Wheeler, Sir Mortimer	301, 323
Whistler, Laurence	822
Whitmore, Richard	226
Wild, Anne	967
Williams, Iolo	771, 807
Williams, Ralph Vaughan	333
Willis, Douglas	45, 367
Willow Pattern China	333
Wilson, Kit	298
Wilson, Raymond	727
Wilton Market-Place at Midnight	226
Window Cleaners	818
Wingfield, Sheila	230, 601
Witness's Consistency, Proving a	411
Women in Arab Middle East	638
Wood, Kenneth	458, 487
Woodham-Smith, Cecil	265
Words, The Wanderings of	593
'Wray'	583, 903
Wright, H. Myles	200, 215
YARMOUTH'S NEW THEATRE, GREAT	
	46
Young and Angry, Then as Now	13, 57, 94
Yugoslavia's Race with Time	911
'ZANDER'	179, 711

The Listener

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CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

A Free Pound and the Future (Sir Roy Harrod and Anthony Crosland) ...	271
The Growth of Trade Unions in Africa (Boris Gussman) ...	273
The Prime Minister's Coming Visit to Moscow (Thomas Barman) ...	275

THE LISTENER:

An Old Greek Puzzle ...	276
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	276

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Charting Greenland's Waters (Captain Russell Waesche and Douglas Brown) ...	277
Books and Readers in the British Museum (David Stone) ...	277
Collecting Smoking Pipes (Dr. O. W. Samson) ...	278
Three Eggs and a Flag (H. P. Bonser) ...	278

PHILOSOPHY:

Authority and the Family (Richard Peters) ...	279
---	-----

SCIENCE:

Landing on the Moon (Sir Harold Spencer Jones) ...	281
--	-----

LITERATURE:

On Reading Modern American Novels (Arthur Mizener) ...	283
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	297

HISTORY:

Revolutionaries and their Principles—V: Simón Bolívar: 'Liberator' (R. A. Humphreys) ...	285
The Making of Classical Greece—VI (M. I. Finley) ...	289

ARCHITECTURE:

Le Corbusier: Utopian Architect (Colin Rowe) ...	287
--	-----

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	290
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Raymond Dawson, Dr. L. Crome, K. M. T. Atkinson, Geoffrey Carnall, David Daiches, and Max Gilbert	293
--	-----

ART:

Round the London Galleries (pictures) ...	296
---	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden) ...	302
---	-----

Television Drama (Ivor Brown) ...	302
-----------------------------------	-----

Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ...	303
------------------------------	-----

The Spoken Word (David Paul) ...	305
----------------------------------	-----

Music (Scott Goddard) ...	305
---------------------------	-----

MUSIC:

Daniel Jones: his Achievements and Views (Bernard Keeffe) ...	306
---	-----

BRIDGE FORUM:

A Bidding Match on the Air—II (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ...	309
---	-----

POEM:

Sunsets (Dannie Abse) ...	309
---------------------------	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	311
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	311
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,498 ...	311
-------------------------	-----

A Free Pound and the Future

Two views on convertibility

I—By SIR ROY HARROD

BEFORE the war any foreigner who acquired our currency, sterling, by the sale of goods to the Commonwealth or otherwise, was able to use it for the purchase of goods from the Commonwealth, or, by exchanging it for other currencies, for the purchase of goods or the discharge of debts anywhere in the world.

Before the war some other countries, including Germany, had ceased to allow this free use of their own currencies; and during the war we felt ourselves compelled to restrict it. Most foreigners were told that they were allowed to use any sterling that they might acquire, for the purchase of goods from the sterling area only; any sterling cheques paid to other foreigners would be stopped. The Americans never had to take similar action in regard to their dollar. It was a little shaming for us to have our sterling downgraded in this way by comparison with the dollar. For more than 100 years before 1914 sterling had been by far and away the most important currency in the world. But in 1940 we were fighting the battle of Britain, alone; and if, amid those historic ordeals, we had to let our currency slip, the shame was not very great.

What is remarkable is how neutrals and others continued to sell us their goods against sterling of restricted negotiability. That showed a notable confidence in us British, since our final victory was not so palpably obvious in the early years of war; those living outside these islands backed our victory to the extent of giving us credit for thousands of millions of pounds, a fact

insufficiently advertised. They did so in the confidence that sterling would become negotiable again after the war.

We won the victory; but for ten years sterling was not made negotiable. Our post-war burdens were crippling and we had to stay, so to say, in default. The Americans were keen that we should render sterling negotiable as soon as possible after the war. We promised to restore convertibility, which includes negotiability, in 1947, as a condition of their granting us a large loan on semi-charitable terms in 1945; we tried to honour our word, but, owing to our post-war burdens, the experiment in convertibility in 1947 proved a fiasco. After that Dr. Dalton, the then Labour Chancellor, assured the American Secretary to the Treasury that the suspension of convertibility was temporary only, after which we received further benefits from the Americans in the form of Marshall Aid.

On February 24, 1955, less than ten years after the war, the Bank of England decided to make sterling held by foreigners convertible once more, at a discount of 1 per cent. only, by offering gold or dollars for it in the free markets of the world. I have often wondered about the technique of that operation. Did representatives of the Bank slink into the markets of New York, Beirut, Macao, and such places, disguised in long beards? The Bank's decision to do that strikes my romantic mind as our finest gesture since the end of the war. We took up a forward position on this front and did not subsequently retreat from it. We maintained the convertibility of sterling at a discount of 1 per cent. only, through our genuine troubles in 1955, through the Suez

crisis—except for a few days—and through the bogus 7 per cent. crisis of 1957.

Last December we put the coping-stone to what we had previously done by abolishing the discount of 1 per cent. Foreign-held sterling is now openly convertible at the official rate. Sterling is therefore now on a par with the dollar once more. Dollars are convertible into sterling and sterling into dollars. That will continue to be of the utmost advantage to our traders, investors, and bankers throughout the world. We are a narrow, highly populated island with a high standard of living; that cannot be maintained unless our foreign trade expands continuously and the international standing of our currency is beyond reproach.

The Ideal Moment?

It has been said that this was the right thing to do, but done at the wrong time. I cannot see that. Our external trade balance has recently been exceptionally favourable; the dollar is now a little weak; the yield on American ordinary shares is exceptionally low so that they are not a magnet to money just now; and our gold reserve has recently been considerably increased. It has been said that our gold reserve should be increased still more; for us to attempt that now would be a dastardly act; the whole world is short of gold at present; for us to attempt to accumulate still more gold would put others into acute difficulties; we British, who are so dependent on world prosperity, have to look at these things from a world point of view; for us, miser-like, to seek to add further to our gold reserve at present might well tip the scales and push the outside world, now trembling in the balance, into a deep recession, most fatal for us. This time was the ideal moment for the final act.

I say the final act advisedly, and must now pass to a different aspect of the story. It is held, in my opinion correctly, that it is doubtful if we can at present afford to give our citizens the complete liberty to invest their capital in American securities. When they do that, the amounts in question have to be paid, although the individuals who do it may not appreciate the fact, from our gold reserve. We want our people to make what are called 'direct' investments in the Commonwealth and even beyond, in the sense of providing capital for the construction of factories and so on. Portfolio investment is a different matter. We are allowed by the International Monetary Fund, as agreed by the Americans, to restrict the outflow of portfolio capital. We do restrict it. There are two basic reasons for this restraint on freedom. One is that we are a little nearer Russia than the Western Hemisphere; thus, portfolio capital may cross the Atlantic in search of security. The other is that property owners may feel that property is more secure there owing to certain socialistic tendencies in Europe. I am not for a moment implying that the present British Labour Party would do anything hostile to property. The feeling relates to something wider than that. The result is that trustees, managers of pension funds, etc., would feel it their duty to have a proportion of their portfolio investments in the United States, if the law allowed it. But we cannot afford it. Accordingly I believe that the restriction will and ought to be maintained, along with the Exchange Control that is necessary to police it. The Americans have throughout agreed to this.

Obnoxious Phrase

An obnoxious phrase has come into currency recently: 'full convertibility'—meaning something more than was done in December. On the contrary, I regard what was done in December as the final act. What is due to our position in the world and what is needed to maintain it has already been done. Foreigners who acquire sterling in the legitimate course of business can convert the pounds into dollars, which they can invest in American securities if they so wish. Thereby we make sterling as good as the dollar and as acceptable; thereby we fortify all our international transactions, so vital to us. To allow those who live in these islands to invest in American portfolio securities is an entirely different matter. It would contribute nothing to British strength or British honour. Therefore I severely deprecate the use of the expression 'full convertibility' as though it were something not yet achieved. In the matter of convertibility there are no further steps to be taken.

II—By ANTHONY CROSLAND

THE DECISION TO MAKE the pound convertible can be looked at in one of two ways. First, you can treat it as only a minor technical change, which makes little real difference to anything, and in any case concerns only our current balance of payments. This is, on the whole, the line which the Government is taking. They say that the change is minor, because the pound was already in practice convertible in the free markets for transferable sterling; so it is merely a change from *de facto* to *de jure* convertibility. And they say that in any case it concerns only our current balance of payments, because it is limited to sterling earned in current transactions.

If this were all there was to it, there would be much to be said for the decision. By and large, it is preferable to have open convertibility rather than back-door convertibility; and by and large convertibility for current transactions is a good thing for international trade. If the right conditions are present, a multi-lateral payments system will tend to give the smoothest flow of trade and the best international division of labour. In 1947 the right conditions were not present, and convertibility was a disaster. We then had a large deficit on our balance of payments; our reserves were trivial in relation to our liabilities; no other non-dollar currency was convertible; and there was a severe world dollar shortage. But today our balance of payments is in surplus; our reserve-liability ratio is at least somewhat improved; almost all other currencies have also been made convertible; and the world dollar shortage seems to have disappeared. Convertibility therefore seems a reasonable risk; and even though some people would like to have postponed the final step until we were more certain about the future dollar position, at least the Government, on their side, have a strong case for saying that legal convertibility for current transactions is now a good thing.

Not Merely a British Trade Currency

But the trouble is that you cannot look at the matter just from the point of view of current transactions, because sterling is not merely a British trading currency, but a world trading currency and also a banking currency. London is the reserve banker of the rest of the sterling area and also a large-scale exporter of capital to the Commonwealth; in addition, countries outside the sterling area hold considerable sterling balances; and in addition half the world's trade is conducted in sterling, which means that London carries on a huge business in short-term trading credits. The result is that there is an enormous amount of sterling lying around the world, not required to pay immediately for British exports, but held on capital account. This makes the position of sterling totally different from that of most other currencies, which are generally held only in the amounts needed to pay for current transactions.

The consequence of this banking and financing role is to make sterling exceptionally vulnerable to speculation, since people have large capital balances to move about. This is not a new phenomenon: it was present in the nineteen-thirties, when we used the phrase 'hot money' to describe short-term capital movements which fulfilled no useful economic purpose, but simply disrupted the exchanges and created instability. In fact they were easier for us to cope with then, as our reserves were much larger. But everyone was agreed, when the post-war international plans were being worked out, that 'hot money' was an unmitigated nuisance; and it was a Conservative Chancellor who said in 1943 that 'above all, we want to free the international monetary system from those arbitrary, unpredictable, and undesirable influences which have operated in the past as a result of large-scale speculative movements of capital'.

That is why today we are permitted by the rules of the International Monetary Fund to have exchange control over capital movements. But what we actually have is not, unfortunately, anything like strong enough to stop a speculative crisis. This was shown by the events of the summer of 1957. We then had a run on sterling which was wholly speculative in character. It was in no way justified by the current balance of payments (which was heavily in surplus at the time) nor by any basic weakness in the British economy. It was owing to speculation on the upward valuation of the mark (which in fact was never intended by the

German Government), to speculation on the devaluation of the pound (which equally was never intended by the British Government), and to illiterate chatter in the City about inflation in Britain (although at the time the British economy, so far from being inflationary, was suffering from a marked amount of excess capacity). Yet the speculative movement induced by these ill-informed considerations caused Mr. Thorneycroft to raise Bank rate to 7 per cent., to cut much-needed industrial investment, and to condemn the economy to another two years of stagnation—all at a time when we had a large balance-of-payments surplus. This was surely a preposterous situation.

It is against this background that we must see the decision to go convertible; especially, we must see it in the context of what is likely to follow it. The strongest pressure for convertibility over the last few years has come from the Bank of England and the City of London. They have wanted it, not so much as a contribution to a multilateral system of *current* payments (which, as I said earlier, is a reasonable objective), but in order to enhance the position of London as a world banker and financial centre. Even prior to convertibility they continually pressed for, and often obtained, relaxations in exchange control designed to increase the flow of capital into and out of London. And today they see convertibility mainly as the prelude to still further relaxations, culminating in the complete removal of controls over the export of capital.

This, I believe, is a disastrous approach. It brings the country little advantage—the financial earnings of the City from overseas business are trivial in relation to our balance of payments. And

every step in the direction increases our vulnerability to speculation. If we could have the 1957 crisis even before *de jure* convertibility, what is the position going to be when convertibility is followed by still more relaxations of exchange control?

The really serious thing about all this is that our *domestic* policies are increasingly dictated by the holders of sterling—by bankers in Zurich and London, by speculators all over the world, and by traders using sterling as an international trading currency. These people are not, unfortunately, as the City likes to think they are, highly rational and sophisticated judges of the true state of the British economy. On the contrary, they are often naive, volatile, and ill-informed—as they were, for example, when they caused the sterling crisis of 1957; or else they are plain incompetent, as the City syndicate was in the recent British aluminium dispute. Yet the fear of what they may do to sterling increasingly influences our Bank rate policy, our rate of economic expansion, our wages policy, and now—to judge from a recent leading article in *The Economist*—even what taxation policy we are allowed to pursue. Heaven alone knows—or rather I can easily guess—what their attitude would be to the policies of a Labour Government. All this seems to me an intolerable derogation of British sovereignty; the more tiresome since bankers and speculators are all natural deflationists and their influence is invariably against a rapid rate of growth.

So my conclusion is simple. Convertibility for current transactions has a great deal to be said for it. But if this latest move is intended as a prelude to still further relaxations of control over capital movements, then the effect will be disastrous.

—Third Programme

Whose Shop Is Closed?

BORIS GUSSMAN on the growth of trade unions in Africa

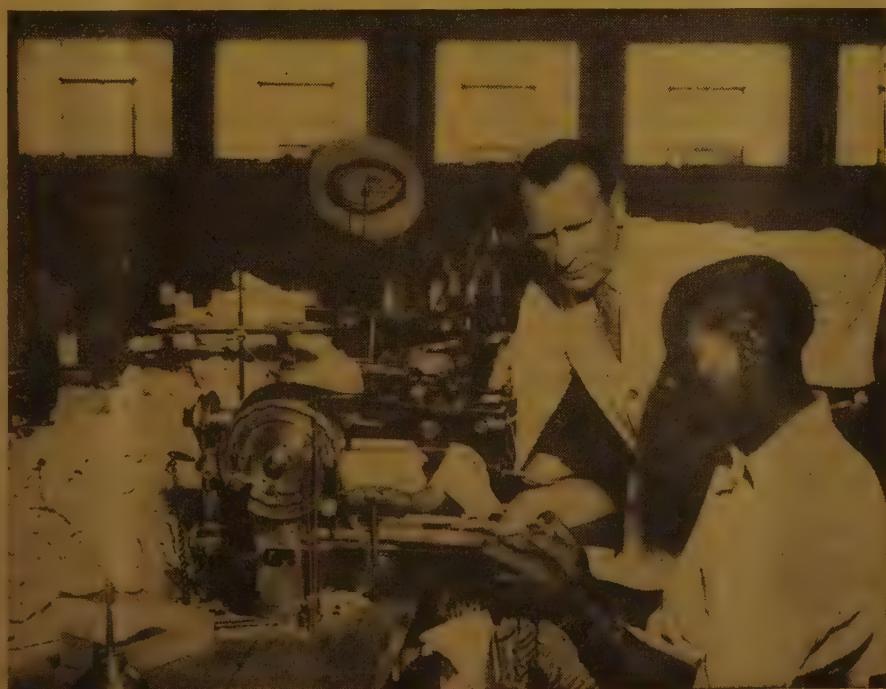
A RECENT study of industrial relations in east and central Africa convinced me that African trade unions are going to make significant advances in the near future and that in few instances are European employers ready for the challenge. In fact, they are so unready that they have lulled themselves into a false sense of security by the continual cry that it is the Africans who are not yet ready to have trade unions.

Whoever is ready, or unready, the unions exist. It is impossible to say just how many Africans are members of registered trade unions, for the records are not really accurate and membership is often short term. But, as a general rule, it is clear that the trade-union movement is fast replacing tribalism as the rallying point for African solidarity. Its inter-tribal basis is also speeding up acceptance of the wider concept of African nationalism. Not as many unions have been registered in east and central Africa as, for example, Malaya or the West Indies, and that is an advantage. A multiplicity of small unions is good for nobody; but those African unions that have come into being are already making their mark. Probably the most successful, and certainly the most responsible, is the

African Mine Workers Union, on the Copperbelt in Northern Rhodesia. In recent years it has succeeded, both by the solidarity of its membership and the usually moderate nature of its demands, in improving the pay and conditions of its members considerably.

What is causing the growth of the movement amongst African employees is the breaking down of tribal barriers, the example of European trade unionists, help given by government labour officers and—let us face it—often downright bad management. A report from Kenya indicates that of the sixty-eight industrial disputes that took place in a single year, in no less than thirty-seven cases was the cause found to lie with management. The political future of Africa is difficult enough without letting in the possibility of widespread industrial friction. Yet this is what is going to happen unless some radical steps are taken, and the overspill of industrial discontent is going to find a ready refuge in politics.

One must agree with much of what the most virulent critics of African trade unions say of this young movement and of its leaders. Their records, as I said, are unreliable, there is often a misuse of union funds, and leadership is motivated all too often by selfish



or political rather than industrial aims. But whatever the room for improvement here, it seems to me obvious that the onus lies squarely on the Europeans of these territories for a system of sound industrial relations. In principle, there would seem to be two lines of action, obvious but not easy. There is room for more legislation in the field of industrial relations and, secondly, there can and should be a greater degree of co-operation amongst European employers themselves in ensuring fair dealing and sound personnel policies.

Concepts of Industrial Relations

We in this country base our industrial relations system on the concept of voluntary agreement. We take the line that the less government interferes in these matters the better and the more likely the two sides are to work out a *modus vivendi*. We may be right. Other countries, Germany and India, for example, regulate their industrial relations policies more closely. They take the view that the majority may be rather less responsible than the minority of either side and that to leave policy matters to the mercy of the majority is dangerous. So one finds in these countries legislation restricting the rights both of organized labour and organized management so as to ensure that the best interests of the community do not suffer if one side finds itself dominant.

How far should we be justified in suggesting legislation to limit trade-union activity in Africa? Certainly it is not too late to lay down certain sanctions—sanctions that would have to limit both sides in one way or another. We could, for example, do what the T.U.C. in this country recommended as policy for the rebirth of trade unionism in Germany after the war; that is, encourage specifically industrial unions to the exclusion of general or craft unions. Some people find this idea shocking. It is true that craft unions were the pioneers of unionism in this country, and that to permit men to organize how or where they will has an air both of tradition and of democratic procedure. But equally there is some merit in using the experience gained of trade union organization in western European countries to avoid some of the pitfalls we have encountered ourselves. General unions, for example, have the inherent drawback of overworked secretaries busying themselves on behalf of dock labourers one day, farm workers the next, and perhaps concerning themselves with the problems of lorry drivers thereafter—none of which occupations may have been those in which they themselves grew up and of which they have any real working knowledge. Valuable though craft unions may have been in the old days of the guilds, there is no denying that in the twentieth century they are continually haunted by the threat of demarcation disputes. Industrial unions can avoid many of those difficulties. They have their own especial kinds of problem but the consensus of opinion is that they are the most adaptable to the needs of industry today.

Every encouragement—to the point even of legislation—could therefore be given to the setting-up of trade unions along industrial lines in Africa; and I believe that the majority of responsible people, both black and white, would agree. But it is the employers who can do most to help the emerging African unions to a responsible state of co-operation and of operation. In the first place there is too great a diversity of practice, not only between one employer's policy and another's, but even between different departments or estates in the same company. In Kenya I came across one company, operating a number of estates stretching for over fifty miles, that had no co-ordinated staff policy of any kind for its African labour. Each estate operated its own labour code. Such a situation will be 'money for jam' for the I.C.F.T.U. representatives, who are already in the field organizing plantation workers in that part of Africa.

I do not want to deny for a moment that there are a number of extremely liberal and far-seeing European employers. Usually these are the large international companies. Yet they seem to have a blind spot in one respect. They do not see that it is not enough for European prosperity in Africa if they alone have their house in order. These employers know, and will sometimes admit that they know, that in Africa industrial relations are in reality race relations. Yet they do not act on this knowledge. Since, in the last resort, the matter comes down to black *versus* white, and not good European employer with his Africans against the rest, it means that even though some thousands of Africans are enjoying very

fair treatment, the bulk of the industrial Africans, working usually for much more numerous smaller firms, are not. And it is this bulk, this majority of Africans, who matter, and who will be as critical of the good large employers, because they are identified with European employers as a whole.

The big companies will suffer with the rest when trouble comes if they do not take more care to raise the general level of management in the smaller concerns and, above all, impress on these smaller brothers the need to recognize and treat with African trade unions. In fact, one can go further and say that it is all too often the larger and more liberal companies who are, under existing conditions, the first target for ambitious African trade-union leaders, who know well enough that it is here that the easiest victories are won. Large companies have little, therefore, to be complacent about, however benevolent their own policies. The solidarity of employers, provided always that one of its first objectives is to raise the general level of management, is probably the surest way of inculcating into emerging African trade unions a sense not only of loyalty to their unions but of responsibility in the demands they make.

The legislation I would suggest to be binding on employers is that anyone with over fifty or so workers should establish works' councils; and at the same time provision should be made for the setting up of wage councils and joint industrial courts. The importance, in Africa, of works' councils cannot be over-emphasized, because in the last resort it is in the day-to-day, face-to-face relations at work that the best hope lies of remedying the present gap between managers and workers. This gap is sometimes referred to as social distance. Many people in this country are surprised to hear that despite many years' experience of joint consultation in Europe and America, in Africa it is still barely known. The organization of a works' council in which Europeans, Africans, and Indians sit round a table and discuss their problems is no easy thing to achieve. There are language difficulties; there are problems arising from the Africans' failure to understand committee procedure, from Europeans failing to appreciate the Africans' fondness for long and often repetitive phrases, and a number of other problems that inevitably arise in a situation where the whole basis of relationship outside industry is founded on mistrust. Yet it seems to me realistic and not merely pious to suggest that industry, the very field where white and black are most closely bound together by mutual need, is the most hopeful place in which to start measures of genuine communication.

Personnel Managers

I also felt much concerned, after my tour, about the question of personnel managers. In countries where management and men are divided on racial as well as the usual lines this is an especially vital role. Ideally, the personnel manager is outside the management hierarchy, acting as counsellor to both sides, interpreting, explaining, and ensuring as far as he can that the actions and policies of management are fair and reasonable and seen so to be. The personal qualities that he needs above all are integrity and judgment. But I have found that all too often men are selected as personnel managers either because they know something about text-book techniques of personnel management or because they are familiar with African language and customs. Sometimes, even, they are put in the personnel department because nobody knows quite what to do with them anywhere else. Inevitably, such people fail; they fail because they lack the basic requirements of character and maturity.

A knowledge of personnel management techniques is not an essential prerequisite for appointment. Far too much of a mystique has recently grown up round these techniques. They can be easily taught to the right person and, in any case, are little more than applied common sense. A knowledge of the African language and custom is also far less necessary today than in the past. The African industrial worker is coming to resemble more and more his Western counterpart. The personnel manager in Africa today should be a man who has learned as much about personnel problems and labour attitudes in Western society as he knows of African tribal society and tribal ways. In fact, if he appears to know too much about tribal society, he is often branded by the Africans as a reactionary who will hold back the clock—the same attitude, alas, as the urban African often takes to the anthro-

pologist. I did meet firms, but far too few of them, genuinely looking for the man whose judgment and integrity would fit him for the difficult role of personnel manager, and even, when found, sending him to Britain for training in Western industrial techniques and in ways of applying them to African conditions.

Another vital point in the interaction of race and industrial relations is the position of the so-called advanced Africans—the potential leaders of the new Africa, the emerging African middle class. These advanced Africans can be an immense power for good. They are the people who can give stability to the community and to the work-place. European employers say they want an emerging middle class; they give them a higher rate of pay, but they usually fail to realize that the middle-class African wants to be middle class away from his work as well as at it. He wants his wife and children to be able to be a cut above the wife and children of those whom he has surpassed. At present the higher pay of the better-class African is also a measure of his frustration. He turns to unions as the only channel through which he can ventilate these frustrations or seek to alleviate them. He makes a most effective leader, but because he is, with good reason, discontented and because he agitates, he is at once sneered at by Europeans as a 'malcontent' and an 'agitator', as though these terms sufficed to dismiss him from any serious consideration.

Finally, and, to my mind, perhaps the most important of all, is the question of example. In this respect European management in Africa is on trial twenty-four hours a day. Africans see Europeans not as they see themselves, not as they appear at work, but largely from the viewpoint of house-boys, cooks, valets, garden boys, or chauffeurs. Some years ago I was working on a

social survey of an African township and I spent some time in the beer hall listening to the conversation. I soon came to realize that all the vices for which Europeans so often denounce the African were pretty exactly reproduced in the tales about the white master or mistress. The tales lost nothing in the telling. But there was enough truth in these stories to make me realize that the more we preach, the more do we brand ourselves as hypocrites.

I often think that Africans see us first and foremost as hypocrites. This hypocrisy, together with bad manners, of which one sees so many examples, are probably the basic cause of racial bitterness. In their industrial context they can do more to inject virulence into African trade unions than almost anything else. When Europeans condemn the African leader of a trade union for his intemperance, womanizing, or his dishonesty with union funds, they are unhappily not taken very seriously. The white miners of the Copperbelt are not outstandingly chaste or abstemious. As for money, Africans know that in European society there has grown up a whole array of accountants, and of auditors to check the accountants, because these checks and counter-checks are necessary if honest dealing is to be assured. The many Africans with whom I have discussed this matter had a clear grasp of the truth: that Europeans are no worse than Africans, but collectively and basically not all that much better.

I believe that it is not the problems of government or the weakness or reactionary nature of colonial policies that create racial or industrial strife. In the end it will be the individual behaviour of European managers in Africa, off duty as well as on duty, not the policies of Whitehall, that will most deeply affect the future of the multi-racial states of British Africa.

—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

The Prime Minister's Coming Visit to Moscow

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

WHEN Mr. Macmillan told the House of Commons that he had accepted the Soviet Government's invitation to visit the Soviet Union at the end of this month, he explained that he was not going to Moscow to negotiate on behalf of the West. He looked upon his visit, he said, as something in the nature of a reconnaissance; and he made a comment which struck me as being of outstanding importance: it was his hope, he said, that his talks with the Russian leaders would make it easier for us to understand what was in their minds.

What is in their minds? It is a question that every Western Ambassador who has ever served in Moscow must have asked himself over and over again. It is not just the barrier of language. The business of daily life and ordinary social intercourse are conducted in a way that makes it almost impossible to find out what people are really thinking. There is none of the sort of small talk that forms the raw material for a reasonable assessment of the political situation. Ambassadors are given no opportunity to discuss affairs in an informal and casual sort of way with party leaders. And in the press you find only the stuff that the Government and the party allow it to print: it does not help you to understand public opinion. Since there is no vocal opposition you have no means of knowing how firm the Government is in whatever stand it happens to be taking at the moment. Then, of course, there is the passion for secrecy that the Russians have suffered from throughout their long history.

So our Government is in no position to assess Russian opinion and Russian policy in the way it can assess French or German or Italian. That is what makes relations with the Soviet Union so difficult and so frustrating. What is the *real* reason for Mr. Khrushchev's ultimatum to the Western Powers over West Berlin? Is Mr. Khrushchev really convinced that this Western shop-window, which flaunts its luxuries well within the impoverished zone of Eastern Germany, is a danger to the stability of the Communist régimes throughout Eastern Europe? Or is he genuinely afraid of the Germans, of their skill, their industrial techniques, their ferocity in war? In that event he is certain to

prevent the reunification of Germany at almost any cost. His ultimatum on West Berlin is then intended to force the Western Powers to recognize the East German Administration as the equal of the Federal German Government under Dr. Adenauer. That would mean two Germanys permanently established.

So long as we have no idea about the possible answers to these questions, any attempt to reduce tension in Europe is almost certain to fall wide of the mark. Obviously, if the Russians are genuinely afraid of a revived and reunited Germany—especially if it is in alliance with the West—then the Western insistence that the way to reunification lies through free elections is absurd. For free elections in Eastern Germany would lead to the dismantling of the Communist régime there, with unforeseeable consequences for Russian power elsewhere in Eastern Europe.

The Russians have been consistent since the end of the war in demanding that the countries surrounding them shall have friendly governments. It was a rule that they applied with great sternness in Poland. They engineered a *coup d'état* in Rumania in order to get their way: and Finland, which continues to enjoy complete freedom almost within the jaws of Soviet power, finds it useful to observe the same rule. If the Russians have these views about the importance of friendly governments in the smaller countries—and I am not arguing here that the fears that inspire these views are genuine, since I have no means of knowing that—it is obvious that their feelings about having a friendly Germany are even stronger. On this assumption it is clear that the present policy of the Western Governments, in relation to the present policy of the Soviet Government, offers no prospect at all of a reasonable compromise.

So we come back to the question: how are Russian minds working? What do they really want—in terms of what the Western Alliance is able to offer without completely undermining its own security? If Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were able to get some inkling of their real views, and the hopes and fears that inspire them, the prospects for a genuine four-power conference with the Russians would be not altogether unhopeful.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

The Listener



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An Old Greek Puzzle

TO DAY we print the last of the seven talks broadcast in the Third Programme on 'The Making of Classical Greece'. The speakers have been re-examining the distinctive character of Greek civilization in the light of fresh archaeological finds and the recently unravelled Mycenaean documents which were written in the Linear B script. Already it is clear that all this new evidence can be differently interpreted, if in not quite as many ways as the Dead Sea Scrolls, and already it seems to provide more ammunition to the contestants on nearly every side of the dispute about Homer. In fact, the broadcasts have confirmed that very different conceptions of this poet can still be held by such distinguished scholars as Professor Denys Page and Professor Webster.

British schoolboys are generally told that the works of Homer consist of two large epic poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, together with some rather obscure hymns—stiff passages from which can be *bêtes noires* in a scholarship examination. These hymns are fascinating if relatively unimportant; but the two epics are considered all over the world to be some of its finest inherited literature. Yet, their authorship remains a mystery. First, we are uncertain about the date of either, although rather earlier than 720 B.C. would seem probable, while most scholars would say that the *Iliad* was the older work. Then we have no idea how either epic started its life; was it written or was it for at least a century a purely oral recitation remembered from mouth to mouth and only much later written down? Lastly, who was Homer? Many years ago, Gilbert Murray and the German scholar Wilamowitz demonstrated at length how uncertain people were about the meaning of 'Homer' even in Greek antiquity. All sorts of cross-references fail to tally. Pindar in about 480 clearly had access to a body of Homeric work quite unlike our own. Aeschylus a little later is said (admittedly in a late and apocryphal tradition) to have described his tragedies as 'slices from the great banquets of Homer', yet they appear to us now studiously to avoid the material of both *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. Did Aeschylus mean other Homeric poems which have since perished?

In fact, we cannot be sure whether Homer was one man, or two, or one of many; whether he was a single original genius or a brilliant editor, selecting his material from a whole heap of earlier epics. Modern scholars are still divided broadly into two groups, the 'unitarians' and the 'non-unitarians'. The first group tends to ignore the evidence showing that many different layers of tradition—both in word and in subject—are included in the different books of Homer's two stories, while opponents of unity emphasize too strongly the discrepancies between one book and another. It is to be hoped that a chance still exists for the finding of new evidence in papyri to solve some of these riddles. Two years ago the papyrus of a complete play of the comic writer Menander turned up, so perhaps this hope is not as slender as we had grown accustomed to think. The solution, however, of none of these riddles is of any importance compared with the enjoyment of Homer's poetry for its own sake. One of Queen Anne's Cabinet Ministers—John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham—was perhaps not so far wrong when he wrote:

Read Homer once, and you can read no more
For all books else appear so mean, so poor.

What They Are Saying

Mr. Macmillan's coming visit to Moscow

THE GREAT MAJORITY of Western commentators welcomed the announcement that Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd are to visit Moscow. From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

Mr. Macmillan gave formal assurance in the House of Commons that they are not going to conduct any negotiations on issues confronting the Nato allies. On these issues, he said, 'We act together'. Mr. Macmillan believes that the visit can be of value as an exploratory expedition to bring home to the Soviet leaders the Western standpoint and to discover, if possible, what is in their minds.

From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as follows:

No doubt the impressions which Mr. Macmillan will bring back from Moscow will be of a nature to facilitate the task of the Western Foreign Ministers when they meet to formulate the proposals which could be submitted to the Soviet in case of an East-West meeting.

The independent, left-wing *Combat* expressed the view:

The decision of the British Prime Minister answers the aspirations of the peoples of all continents who are impatient to see the ship of international affairs emerge from too long and too dangerous a crisis. Certainly it is an enterprise involving serious risks, but one which lacks nothing in courage, dexterity, and in the prospects it opens up. The psychological moment has been well chosen.

From West Germany, *Koelnische Rundschau* was quoted as saying:

No one will suspect Mr. Macmillan of intending to abandon Western security. London's views differ from those expressed in Paris and Bonn. Mr. Khrushchev may base his speculations on these divergencies, but we are convinced that he will do so in vain.

From the United States *The Washington Post* was quoted as commenting:

A willingness to explore new ideas could help break the East-West ice-jam. The West will need a firm plan. It ought to be made absolutely clear that access to Berlin will be defended—on the ground as well as in the air. On the larger question of German reunification there is little indication that the Soviet Union and the West are talking the same language. Every sign still points to a Soviet intention to preserve Communism in East Germany at any cost . . . But it will be worth exploring various suggestions with accompanying security assurances to learn how far the Russians are willing to go.

Commenting specifically on Mr. Dulles's visit to London, Paris, and Bonn, the French Socialist *Le Populaire* said its purpose was to 'smooth out the differences in tactics between the allies on the subject of relations with the U.S.S.R.'. It added:

Let us wish him success, for the *entente* between the Western Powers is more necessary than ever in the face of the machinations of the Soviet leaders.

According to a Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda*:

There is serious alarm in the United States that Mr. Adenauer has gone too far in frustrating all attempts to secure a relaxation in the international situation and that he will unmask himself to the public opinion of the North Atlantic bloc as an enemy of any peaceful settlement.

East German broadcasts stressed the difference between the 'stubborn' attitude of Mr. Adenauer and General de Gaulle on the one hand, and the more 'accommodating' attitude of Mr. Macmillan, and even Mr. Dulles, on the other. The West German newspaper *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* expressed the view that Mr. Dulles may be relied upon not to envisage concessions on issues where it is impossible to yield. And the *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* was quoted as commenting:

The State Department has obviously come to the conclusion that what matters now is not so much clever formulae as the principle of a common Western policy. Two problems are to be solved: the form of dealing with the Soviets; and the essence of a joint attitude to the U.S.S.R. Mr. Dulles appears to be comparatively 'soft' as far as the form is concerned—that is, the early holding of an East-West conference; but as regards the essence of Western policy, he continues to be firm as a rock.

Did You Hear That?

CHARTING GREENLAND'S WATERS

A FIRST-HAND PICTURE of what conditions are like at this time of the year in the waters off Greenland, where the 'Hans Hedtoft' sank after striking an iceberg, was given in 'Radio Newsreel' by an officer who has known them year in and year out, in peace and in war, when Captain RUSSELL WAESCHE, of the United States Coastguard, talked to B.B.C. reporter Douglas Brown.

Douglas Brown: 'Well, Captain, you have had much experience of the waters off Greenland, and the first thing that springs to anyone's mind is: How should a modern ship, specially strengthened for those waters and with all the latest navigational aids, come to grief?'

Captain Waesche: 'Mr. Brown, I do not think there is any ship in the world that can withstand the battering of even a small iceberg in that Greenland area. The advances in navigation and so forth, and the strengthening of the hull, are still not enough to fight against the terrific weight and strength of those icebergs. Another thing that concerns me in this particular case is the fact that no matter how good your radar is, if you have a heavy sea and a small iceberg—which, as you know, is seven-eighths under water, anyhow—it is almost impossible to pick up that iceberg with the radar equipment, because of what we call "sea return" or "sea clutter".'

Brown: 'How high would the waves be at this time of the year?'

Waesche: 'I have seen waves in that area at this time of year twenty or thirty feet high, very high and very difficult for a small ship to handle. Blizzards and snow, too, are commonplaces.'

Brown: 'These all add to the terrors?'

Waesche: 'The terrors and the difficulty of seeing where you are going and finding objects in the water.'

Brown: 'But, surely, since the "Titanic" went down, icebergs have been charted?'

Waesche: 'Yes, sir, that is true. In fact, the U.S. Coastguard is responsible for that chart work. But it is required only during the summer season and in the sea-lanes, because the icebergs do not get into the sea-lanes where the main traffic flows until the beginning of summer. But in the area where I think this distress



A coastguard officer of the International Ice Patrol observing an iceberg from his ship in the North Atlantic Ocean

case was reported, up near Greenland, there are icebergs along the east coast of Greenland all the time.'

Brown: 'Would you say that the storms round Greenland at this time of year are as bad as any you would find anywhere?'

Waesche: 'I think the weather there in January and February is as bad as, or worse than, any place in the world.'

BOOKS AND READERS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Last month DAVID STONE talked in 'Today' about the bicentenary of the British Museum's reading facilities. 'All users of the Museum's Library today', he said, 'should say a prayer of thanks to Sir Hans Sloane for laying down the 5,000-volume foundation of this unique collection of books, in January 1759. There are now more than 6,000,000 volumes, the largest collection of books in the world; and although the number of chairs in the reading room has increased from 20 to 400, it is often impossible to get a seat. Nowadays, readers sit at desks which radiate like the spokes of a bicycle wheel from a rostrum in the centre of the room, where the superintendent presides.'

'I always enjoy looking to see what everyone else in the reading room is doing. In theory, of course, everybody should be deep in some rare and learned work. In practice, that is not always the case. The other day, for instance, one of my neighbours was reading a book in Arabic, a girl was writing a letter, an Indian gentleman was reading *Of Human Bondage*, an elderly man was studying the instructions on a patent medicine bottle, and another man was reading a book on how to hang wallpaper.'

'It is inevitable that any free institution which offers warmth, light, and something to read should attract



The reading room of the British Museum as it is today

eccentrics. My favourite was the lady who was seen peeling oranges. An assistant went over to her and said very politely: "I'm afraid you're not allowed to eat oranges in the reading room, madam". "I'm not going to eat them", she replied crossly, "I'm going to squeeze the juice over the books".

COLLECTING SMOKING PIPES

"There is little doubt that tobacco smoking in its various forms was first seen by Columbus and his crew, when he discovered America in 1492 and on later journeys, although no pipes were seen in England, or for that matter in Europe, before the middle of the sixteenth century", said Dr. O. W. SAMSON, Curator of the Horniman Museum, in a talk in 'Network Three'. "Much credit has been given to Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake for introducing the smoking habit into England. In 1573 ladle-like pipes were reported as being in use; in 1586 the pipe became fashionable. In 1602 silver pipes were mentioned by Sir William Vaughan. A German, Paul Heutzner, who visited a beer-garden in Southwark in 1598, has recorded the following observation:

"The English are constantly smoking tobacco, and in this manner: they have pipes on purpose made of clay, into the farther end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into powder, and lighting it they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils like funnels, along with plenty of phlegm and defluction from the head.

"The first clay pipes were made in the last ten years of the sixteenth century and soon became the fashionable and typical English pipe. They were almost immediately adopted by Holland and Germany. There is excellent material for the collector of clay pipes by Hilton Price in *The Archaeological Journal* for 1900 and 1901. There is also a paper by Thomas Sheppard, Curator of the Hull Museum, on "Early Hull tobacco pipes and their makers". Good collections can be seen in the Guildhall, the London Museum, the Horniman Museum, and in many local museums.

"In 1619 the pipemakers received their first charter from James I; their motto was "Let brotherly love continue". The Elizabethan clay pipes were small, with stems some twelve inches long, some shorter, with a flat base. There are no identifiable makers' names on the very early pipes. Some had monograms, others bear no marks at all. In the seventeenth century clay pipes became most valuable as objects of barter in America. When William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, purchased a tract of land, 300 pipes were included in the articles given in exchange.

"In the following centuries the clay pipes varied in shapes. In the seventeenth century the makers' marks help us in their identification. One famous name is Hunts of Bristol; there are several different Christian names. One could give a separate talk on collecting clay pipes, but I must be brief and will mention only two more important names—Charles Riggs of Newcastle upon Tyne, and the Gauntlett pipe made in Winchester, late in the seventeenth century. This was praised as the best clay pipe by Ben Jonson. The old Dutch clay pipes are often stamped with the fleur-de-lys and usually have a longer stem of thirteen to seventeen inches.

"For seeing a large variety of pipes from all over the world, the Horniman Museum in Forest Hill is well worth a visit. To give some European examples, there is a snake pipe of glazed pottery from Staffordshire, a Cornish fisherman's pipe made from a crab's claw; from Germany and Austria there are long-stemmed pipes which were popular with students in the nineteenth century; the south-German type is carved from the antlers of deer, the bowls

made of meerschaum, amber, wood or porcelain. The earlier eighteenth-century specimens are products of the famous porcelain factories of Dresden, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. The charm and variety of the porcelain bowls make these pipes a special favourite among collectors. There is a pipe entirely of glass from Murano, near Venice, while from Sweden there are examples of the Lapp pipes made from the antlers of reindeer. Before I leave Europe, I must mention the famous briar-wood pipe which has connexions with the Napoleon cult. A French pipemaker visiting Corsica, Napoleon's birthplace, in the nineteenth century, replaced his broken meerschaum pipe with one made of the local briar wood; this proved a great success and the briar pipe became established, for the wood was extremely hardy, with a very fine grain.

"In Asia I was fortunate enough to collect in the field, especially in China, Tibet, India, and Burma, and many of my finds are in museums here and abroad. In China, tobacco became known under the emperor Wan Li (1573-1620), at the end of the Ming dynasty. Chinese smoking utensils spread over much of the Far East. In north China and Tibet, peasants smoke pipes made out of a single piece of bamboo or wood with no separate bowl. In other



A Lapp pipe made from a reindeer's antler; and, below, a late-eighteenth-century pottery Staffordshire pipe

Collection Horniman Museum



parts of the country when the bowl is separate, it is always small, consisting of a metal alloy attached to a long bamboo stem with mouthpiece of stone, metal, glass, jade, or ivory. These pipes hold only a thimble-full of tobacco and a few whiffs exhaust them'.

THREE EGGS AND A FLAG

"It was a small flag", said H. P. BONSER in 'Indian Summer', "not more than eighteen inches high, yet the man who put it there must have been quick to notice and equally quick to act.

"I was one of a unit moving up on Gaza; part of an ungainly war machine advancing towards a battle that brought little glory. Men, transport, and animals were converging fanwise, making a Piccadilly Circus bottle-neck in the desert. Among the maze of wheel tracks and hoof marks, I noticed a red marker flag. The lines of traffic diverged a few yards to the left or a few yards to the right, respecting the flag's warning. There was no indication of what it was set there to warn us: its mute message was "Keep clear"—and one and all kept clear.

"Some imp of curiosity urged me to move over to see for myself as we passed. A few inches from the square peg of the marker I saw a lark's nest containing three eggs. Only a few yards away the ground on either side of the flag was furrowed by uncountable wheelmarks and broken up by the hoofs of trampling and straining horses; and yet amid all that confusion the three fragile eggs lay unharmed.

"I did not say anything about the nest. The man who put the flag up had not done so. Talking about it would be the last thing he would do, for it might have come to the ears of someone who felt differently about larks and their nests: someone who would only see that a marker flag was being put to a purpose for which it was not provided; whose over-disciplined mind might jump to prevent such a misuse.

"The unknown soldier was probably a country boy. In true country fashion he had let his eyes range over the earth as well as over the sky. He had noticed the nest, and noticing it, he had put aside his own predicament and anxieties, and thought of the bird. I have often wondered about my unknown companion in arms, and whether he got through the campaign safely. I have no great opinion of the gloriousness of war, but I am glad I was on the same side as the chap who hammered in that marker flag".

Authority and the Family

The second of two talks by RICHARD PETERS

IT is often said that we are witnessing a widespread breakdown of authority. But it would be more true to say that the face of authority has changed; it has now become washed clean by morality and overshadowed by power.

It was in the seventeenth century that Englishmen began seriously to ask the question 'Why should some men be in authority over others?' Up to that time authority had been predominantly of what Max Weber called the traditional type. The right to command derived from traditions stretching back into time immemorial. In the family the father was a real patriarch and the sort of authority which he exerted over his children was mirrored in the authority of kings, bishops, lords, squires, and the pope.

A New Leviathan Looms

There is no time to sketch the complex fusion of economic and religious currents which crumbled away the solid structure of the old patriarchal order. It is sufficient to say that a new Leviathan loomed which combined an emphasis on individuality with a more highly centralized authority structure; and a new conception of authority developed to replace the sway of tradition. Many philosophers have ridiculed the contract theory of the seventeenth century, which was a dramatic device for insisting that government must be by the consent of the governed. But in concentrating on absurdities of detail they have missed the main bite of the theory, which was the demand that some sort of rational justification must be given for authority. The purposes for which it was to be exercised should be made clear and moral limits set to it. For the contract theorists like Hobbes or Locke the appeal to tradition or to Divine Right was pernicious and mystifying moonshine. They disagreed about what the function of the state was and about the particular grounds which made authority legitimate. But they were united in thinking that some sort of rational grounds must be given for the authority of man over man.

From then onwards emerged gradually what Weber called legal-rational authority. When we want to insult it we call it bureaucracy. Competence is its keynote. Officers are appointed because of their competence in relation to the function of the institution, and they have a sphere of competence for the exercise of their authority. We are so used to constitutions and rules for organizations that we forget the silent revolution that has gradually changed the face of authority. Nowadays, for instance, we regard a king as a person with a job to do—and not a very enviable one at that. This would have been an impossible attitude for a sixteenth-century Englishman. Rulers are either elected or appointed by public examination. This seems to us obviously fair, a sensible way of doing things. And authority is not resented much when those in authority are appointed for their competence and have a clearly defined job to do. But we forget that it was only in Gladstone's time that competitive examinations were introduced for the Civil Service and that at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was an established practice for people to enter politics by patronage and bribery.

Image of the State

It is often said that the liberal conception of the state as a necessary convenience for limited purposes like that of protection is outmoded. For the state, it is argued, has taken over so many functions previously discharged by other bodies that it is beginning to appear as an all-providing father. This could happen, of course; 'Big Brother' might be round the corner. But at the moment the father image does not fit at all. A more appropriate image is that of a vast bank on which the individual thinks that he has a right to an almost unlimited overdraft. If the extension

of state functions is sapping individual initiative and responsibility, it is not because the old patriarchal picture of authority is returning; for public life is becoming increasingly depersonalized. It is rather the prevalence of the ideology of hire-purchase, where much can be had from a central pool for small sacrifices. Fairness is the key-note; and fairness is the cry of brother to brother, not of son to father. Doctors, teachers, and social-service workers are not treated with reverence as part of a patriarchal system. They are regarded as public servants with a job to do; and woe betide them if they are lax or inefficient in dispensing the public chest.

This development of a more rational attitude towards authority has been accompanied by the spread of rationality into spheres previously regulated by authority or tradition. Morality, as distinct from mere customary conformity, has emerged. Duties, like those of thrift, temperance, and truthfulness are discussed in rational terms; people just do not do the 'done thing' or follow the edicts of religion. They disagree widely, often on rational grounds, about matters like gambling, smoking, race-relations, and sexual conduct. Grandparents reared in Victorian times find this disturbing. There are many who feel that they are living in an alien world and complain that the young have no principles. What they often mean is that young people insist on thinking out their own principles.

Authority Dwarfed by Science

There is also the phenomenon which I spoke about briefly in my previous talk*—the enormous increase in power made possible by the development of science, which has dwarfed the importance of authority as a technique of social control. Coercion on a large scale by terrifying weapons, and mass influence by propaganda and other irrational means sprawl across our social consciousness. It is significant that so few films and novels display a fascination with authority. They display a preoccupation with power in its primitive and developed forms. And what is opposed to power is usually moral integrity, not the rule of law. *Shane*, the *Lone Ranger*, Philip Marlowe in Chandler's stories, the heroes of *On the Waterfront*, *Manhunt*, and *A Man is Ten Feet Tall*—these represent the struggle for decency against naked power. In horror films and science fiction there are grotesque pictures of the unleashing of power; war films emphasizing brutality and 'X certificate' films suppurating with sex and violence squirt out of the Id of the film industry.

It is rare that one comes across novels like those of C. P. Snow, where there is a fascination for the problems of those in authority from the point of view of those on the inside. Authority often appears; but it is subjected to rational, quizzical scrutiny—usually from the point of view of those who suffer from it. The asinities of officialdom were part of the stock-in-trade of Ealing studios; and the professor in *Lucky Jim* would scarcely fit into the common room of *The Masters*. Authority, too, is often projected abroad or in the services. But here, as in *The Quiet American* or *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, it appears with a question mark against it. And as for sagas about family loyalty and authority—these seem part of a bygone age. Parents usually appear as people for the young to rebel against or to blame for their own shortcomings. And those, like Ivy Compton Burnett, who write about the family usually project it into the past.

This brings me to the family. For it is my conviction that although we have a more rational way of looking at the authority of the state we are still confused about authority in the family. It is easy for us to take a rational attitude to those in civil authority because the state has obvious functions to perform, such as the protection of life and property and the provision of public services. But with the family our situation is not comparable. The trouble is not just that we are bound to it by irrational bonds of

love and loyalty and by our deep-seated needs for sex and security. It is also that the extensions of state functions, to which I have referred, have been largely at the expense of the family. And a rational form of authority is only possible where there are palpable and important jobs to be done for which some men have to take the rap.

In industry it has been found that the giving of orders is only tolerable under modern conditions if they are made impersonal and related to specific tasks; but the family has lost so many of its tasks. Today the only activities left to it are sexual relations, the care of young children, cooking, and the maintenance of a household. Farming, home industries, education, and religious ritual have gone out; even cooking and child-care have partly been taken over by other bodies. Furthermore the kinship extensions so characteristic of traditional family life have diminished with increasing economic and social mobility.

This diminution in the functions and extent of the family has coincided with the rise of the ideology of intimacy and 100 per cent. compatibility. Personal choice rather than family arrangement is the criterion of continuity. And when the dream of romantic love, fostered by the film and novel, has faded, all that is left is sex, companionship, and the care of children and household. Not that this is not enough to get on with; but personal choice has put a premium on personal compatibility, so that when a 'marriage', in the sense of a special relationship between two people, fails to attain our inordinate expectations, it is only too easy to drag our feet in respect of the more concrete activities connected with marriage as an institution. And this is understandable enough; for nowadays so many family activities have to be contrived. In the old days they were not contrived; they were given. There was so much more to do than just be 'adjusted', keep the house in repair (and pay for it), arrange holidays, and bring up the children.

Modern Marriage

Furthermore, modern marriage has become irrevocably moralized. Before women achieved some sort of equal status with men the norms for behaviour within marriage were prescribed by custom; personal adjustments had always to be made, but they were within a framework of fixed traditions. Nowadays couples have, in a certain sense, to make their own marriage. The norms have to be reached by agreement, as well as temperamental adjustments arrived at. Matters of principle can arise over the washing-up as well as over family finance.

The net result of these changes is both a decrease in the importance of the family as a social institution and a change in the structure of authority in the family. For the growing economic power of women and the growth of morality have made the giving of orders based on a patriarchal tradition, and the making of unilateral decisions, seem an indignity and often an impossibility within the framework of marriage.

This uneasy *modus vivendi* between husband and wife is bound to have repercussions on the children, not only in the broken homes which so often result but also in the anxiety about authority which is generated. And in relation to authority over the children the situation is equally uneasy. Symptomatic of this uneasiness is the suggestion by the Oxford philosopher, Richard Hare, not long ago, that many of the dark places in ethics might be illuminated if philosophers would address themselves to considering the question: 'How should I bring up my children?' This might be interpreted as a request to get clearer either about the justification of rules, by seeing which ones should be passed on to children growing up in a time of rapid social change, or about the appropriate techniques for passing on such rules, whatever they happen to be. I think that there is much bewilderment on both aspects of this question, some of which erupted into the popular press when Mrs. Margaret Knight gave her talks on religious education a few years ago. People slither into parenthood without much thought or preparation. For years they wobble uncertainly between regurgitating the old recipes on which they were brought up and thinking the thing out for themselves in a more rational manner. Should they use rational instruction? If so, at what age and about what? Or should they rely on authority —the giving of orders, often with the rider 'Because I say so'? Should they use reward and punishment?

This bewilderment is enhanced by the widespread diffusion of enough psychological speculation to make parents worried about what they are doing to their children but not enough established laws to settle most of the matters under discussion. There is also the widespread self-consciousness of parents about their relationships with each other and with their children. Anyone who dips into women's magazines will know the sort of thing I mean. This may well be because the family's functions are now so greatly reduced and a premium is placed upon personal relationships. In the old days when the father was at home, say on a farm, and when the son learnt the family trade alongside the father, there was little time or occasion for such self-consciousness.

Parents and Children

It followed, too, that there was little trouble about the authority of parents over children. For there was the tradition and the common task. And orders are not so resented when they arise from the demands of a situation rather than from the whims of a man. In the modern family the situation is very different; for the tasks have diminished and those that are left are so often referred to slightly as 'chores'.

Whatever parents think of their status, in the eyes of their children they are bound to appear, in the early years at any rate, as authorities of the traditional type, with, perhaps, a touch of the charismatic about them. But the question is what happens when the children's interests turn outwards, when they develop loyalties of a horizontal sort, and when they acquire technical knowledge and skills beyond the ken of their parents. Do the parents then try to retain their right to command along traditional lines? Or do they try to relate their authority to clearly understood tasks, and wean their children to an understanding of a more rational type of authority? Above all, is there a consistent attitude towards the exercise of authority? For my guess is that in this matter some consistent policy carried out confidently is far less damaging than any amount of tips from manuals on child care plus anxiety.

It is a surprising thing that we now regard it as natural for adolescents to rebel against their parents. In Victorian times such a revolt, when it occurred, meant guilt for the adolescent and shock and shame for the parent. And the opportunities for such a revolt, which adolescents now regard as more or less their right, have been magnified by high wages and the growth of horizontal teen-age groupings. Adolescents, it is claimed, are now a social problem. Recently a Royal Commission has been appointed to look into the position of the youth services. Understandably so; for the rise in juvenile delinquency has coincided with the pressing need for more technicians. But the trouble may be too deep-seated to be settled simply by providing further facilities for adolescents. It reflects, surely, the shift that has taken place in the functions and authority structure of the modern family.

Rehabilitation of the Family?

It might well be contended that a more rational attitude towards authority in the family cannot be developed unless it recovers some of its old functions and increased importance is given to its existing ones. The old extended family might be revived to alleviate loneliness and the need to belong somewhere; these are acute social problems, even if they are not as dramatic as those of adolescence. Whether such a rehabilitation of the family is possible is difficult to say. But it could be made to look at all feasible only if something fairly drastic is done about the institution of marriage. It is a strange anomaly that in this country we make it easy to get married but difficult to get divorced without going through some farcical exhibition of adultery. If we become convinced that, for the sake of the children and the aged, it should be difficult to break up a marriage, we should also make it more difficult to get married and put more emphasis on the vital jobs that the family has to do. Why should not the period of intention to get married be lengthened, for instance? Why should we be permitted to slip into marriage so swiftly and exuberantly? If the institution is to play an important part in the modern world, it will have to be rationalized. And that might involve some hard thought about entrance qualifications. It might be said that this would be an

(continued on page 295)



The X-15 rocket-powered aircraft in which the Americans hope to make the first manned penetration of space

Landing on the Moon

By SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES

THE successful launching by the Soviet Union and the United States of instrumented scientific earth satellites, as a part of the programme of the great enterprise of the International Geophysical Year, has opened a whole new era of space research.

Man has hitherto been earth-bound. All the knowledge that he has been able to obtain about our cosmic environment has been gained from observations made from the surface of the Earth, through the blanket of the Earth's thick atmosphere. He has endeavoured to overcome the handicap that this imposes by sending balloons, equipped with instruments of various sorts, up to heights of about thirty miles; by firing rockets, with instruments in their nose cones, to heights of from 100 to 250 miles, and finally by the launching of artificial earth satellites, carrying instruments of ingenious design, which can radio coded signals back to Earth, conveying much information.

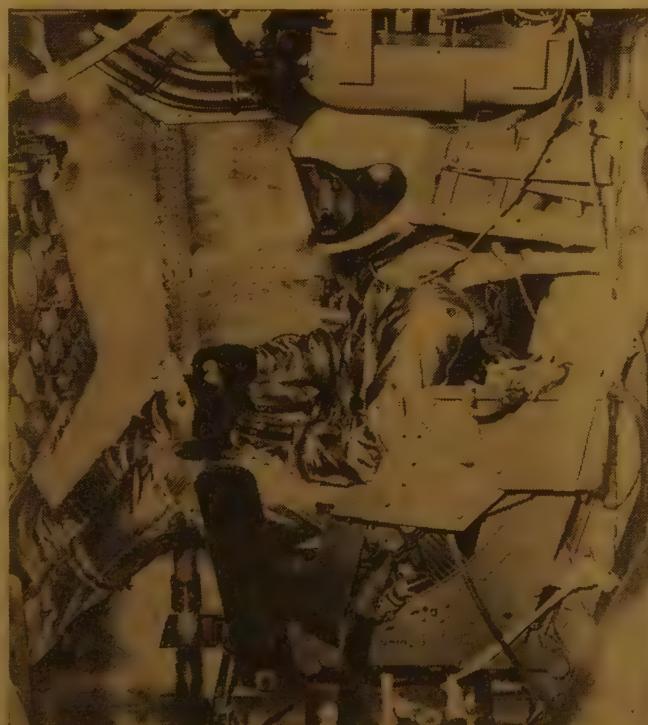
Considerable additions to the knowledge of our environment have already been obtained from the signals transmitted by the artificial satellites. One of the most important has been the discovery that around the Earth there is a belt of intense radiation, extending outwards from a height of about 600 miles above the Earth, which may prove to be a serious hazard, hitherto unsuspected, to space explorers, when it proves possible for man to leave the Earth and to travel outwards into space.

Spectacular developments in the exploration of space may be expected within the next decade or two. The Americans have already made four attempts to send a vehicle to the vicinity of

the Moon. The Russians have succeeded in launching a vehicle that has passed within a few thousand miles of the Moon and which has now entered an orbit round the Sun, becoming the first artificial planet, or perhaps I should say the first artificial asteroid, for the thousands of small known bodies in the solar system, whose orbits lie mostly between the Earth and Mars, are called asteroids. This lunik, as the Russians have termed it, is likely to continue circling round the Sun for many thousands of years, returning to the vicinity of the Earth's orbit at intervals of about fifteen months. Whether it will ever be observed again is doubtful. It would be possible to observe it if the Earth were sufficiently near when the lunik returns to the vicinity of the Earth's orbit. But as the Earth moves round its orbit with a speed of about 67,000 miles an hour, very accurate timing would be necessary, and the chances are heavily against the lunik ever being seen again.

The Russians have stated that the lunik was aimed so as not to hit the Moon. But if the direction in which it was launched had differed by less than one degree from its actual path it could easily have hit the Moon. Scientists have been somewhat concerned that man, in his ventures into space with unmanned vehicles, might accidentally hit the Moon before he himself can reach it. The Moon is a virgin world that has so far not been contaminated by man in any way, and from that aspect it will prove to be of the greatest interest when man is able to reach it and explore it.

Let me give one or two examples. One of the greatest mysteries is how life came into existence on the Earth. It is



A test pilot at the controls of the X-15 in the aviation medical laboratory of the United States Naval Air Development Centre at Johnsville, under the conditions experienced during an actual flight into space

believed by biologists that large molecules of complicated structure were formed first and that from these macromolecules, as they may be termed, spores, bacteria, or other micro-organisms developed. How such complex molecules could be built up and replicated is unknown. Have such 'pre-life' processes occurred on the Moon? It would be exciting to discover whether they are present in the dust that covers the Moon's surface. The collision of an unmanned space vehicle with the Moon could conceivably introduce foreign macromolecules from the Earth, which, under the conditions on the Moon, might act as templates and so provide foci for 'pre-life' growth. Even the introduction of dead bacteria could be harmful.

The impact of a rocket on the Moon could probably not be observed from the Earth unless it carried an atomic device that would cause an explosion. If this were to happen, radioactive material would be scattered over much of the Moon's surface, and this would be prejudicial to various investigations that might give us useful information about the past history of the Moon.

It is known that in America and Russia men are being trained for space travel. The Russians have already sent a dog up in one of their sputniks and the Americans have launched a rocket containing a monkey; information has been obtained about the response of these animals to the high accelerations to which they were subjected in the early stages of the flight and to the condition of weightlessness during free-flight. By means of coded signals, the effects on respiration and heart beat have been ascertained. These investigations are necessary preliminaries to manned flight. The next step, I imagine, will be the launching of a manned rocket, with arrangements for recovery of the chamber containing the man, on its return to Earth.

The American moon-probe experiments have been designed so that, if the vehicle reaches the vicinity of the Moon, it can enter into an orbit round the Moon. To do this, its speed must be greatly retarded by rocket thrust, which can be effected by radio control from the Earth. After the vehicle has passed round the Moon it would be accelerated again for return to the Earth. Much useful scientific information would in this way be obtained without having recourse to a manned vehicle. It could be ascertained whether the Moon has a magnetic field; the side turned away from the Earth, which man has never seen, could be photographed; the intensity and nature of cosmic rays in the vicinity of the Moon could be investigated.

I do not suppose that any country will attempt to land a manned vehicle on the Moon without provision being made for it to be launched from the Moon for a return journey to the Earth. To do this involves problems of considerable complexity. The landing of a manned vehicle on the Moon is already, I suppose, within the technological resources that have already been developed. But what useful purpose would it serve unless the occupants had a reasonable expectation of returning safely home?

The Moon will prove to be a hostile world. It is completely dry, very mountainous, extremely barren, and covered with dust which may be several feet thick. It has little if any atmosphere. Observations have proved that any atmosphere it may possess cannot exceed one million millionth of the Earth's atmosphere. Even so, what little there may be would be found to be extremely unpleasant, probably consisting mostly of the gas sulphur dioxide. The lunar explorers would have to be provided with completely airtight suits. The slightest leak would soon prove fatal. They would need to be equipped with an oxygen supply and a means of absorbing the carbon dioxide and moisture that

they exhaled. The temperature changes on the Moon are extreme and rapid. During the day the lunar explorers would have to shelter in the shade, for in the Sun the temperature might well exceed the temperature of boiling water. Sunset would be followed by a very rapid drop in temperature, which in a few hours might be more than 300 degrees Fahrenheit.

Here on the Earth we are sheltered by an extensive atmosphere from all the short-wave radiation from the Sun—from the ultraviolet down to x-rays. These radiations are absorbed in the atmosphere, but for which life on the Earth as we know it would not be possible. But on the Moon there is no atmosphere to speak of and consequently no such protection. Our lunar explorers would therefore have to confine their activities to the intense, bitter cold of the lunar night. Even so, they would run a serious risk of being hit by a micro-meteorite, travelling much faster than a rifle bullet. Many millions of these enter our atmosphere daily and are burnt up; our atmosphere is again our protection from this hazard. The slightest puncture of the explorer's suit by one of these micro-meteorites would be fatal; suits of great thickness, perhaps like the tread of a motor tyre, would perhaps provide sufficient protection. The hazard from high-energy cosmic rays, from which again our atmosphere protects us, might also be great.

The Russian lunik took about thirty-six hours to reach the vicinity of the Moon, which is not too long a journey. In order to land on the Moon the vehicle would have to be retarded so as to be captured by the gravitation of the Moon. Then it could gradually glide downwards towards the ground. If suitable controls were provided, a level terrain could be selected for landing and the vehicle oriented so that it landed base downwards. How irregular the ground may be below its deep cover of dust we do not know, but with some luck there would be a chance that a correct landing would be achieved.

The vehicle would have to be provided with completely airtight doors and with an airlock so that the occupants could emerge without all the precious air escaping. All the food, water, and oxygen required for the sojourn on the Moon would have to be carried. In order to return to the Earth, fuel for the launching from the Moon would have to be carried. All these requirements would add greatly to the weight of the vehicle that would have to be launched from the Earth.

The launching of the rocket from the Moon for its homeward journey would be in one respect easier than its launching from the Earth for the outward journey. This is because the Moon's diameter is not much more than one-quarter of the Earth's, and its mass is only one-eightieth. For the outward journey the launching speed must be not less than 25,000 miles an hour, but for the return journey a launching speed of 5,500 miles an hour would be adequate. But, on the other hand, the launching from the Moon would have to be effected without any of the elaborate ground facilities that are available when it is made from the Earth.

Landing on the Moon and explorations of its surface offer tremendous and exciting possibilities. The hazards would be great and the chance of success perhaps rather small. But there have always been men ready to face a great challenge and to risk much for a great adventure. Nevertheless the wise course, I feel sure, will be to endeavour to learn more about the Moon by orbiting round it without any attempt to land on it; much information should be gained by looking at it from close quarters. Much is likely to happen within the next decade or two, for we are now entering upon the age of the exploration of space.



Two American Air Force doctors undergoing tests for 'weightlessness' during a flight into space, in an aircraft specially adapted for the experiment

The Promises of Life

ARTHUR MIZENER on reading modern American novels

WHEN an American looks closely at the best British novels of the twentieth century, he begins to feel that there is something wrong with his response to them. I would not be surprised to learn that British readers have a similar uneasy feeling when they read American novels carefully. What an American reader of your novels often feels is that the conditions for the characters' actions are not fully enough represented to allow him to judge them, and that the characters themselves display attitudes that seem to him inconsistent or extravagant. Yet the air of aplomb in these novels suggests that the authors are confident of their readers' understanding. If they are, it can only be because they share with their readers some unstated understanding about what conduct is normal and what values are important. It does not work for the American reader, who is not in on the secret.

I am not trying to suggest that we cannot follow the plain sense of one another's novels or even that we cannot trace the more evident attitudes and judgments in them. The trouble arises over the implications of meaning in action and tone which make a novel what it is and not an essay in sociology or an argument against sin. Do the novels of Graham Greene seem to you manic-depressive day dreams, the novels of Elizabeth Bowen half fantastic, the novels of Anthony Powell comedies of humour? They do to an American reader.

Transatlantic Misreading

I am obviously on uncertain ground here because I cannot, in the nature of the case, be sure what British readers feel. I do know, though, what American readers feel when they read their own novels, and I suspect, from my singularly unsuccessful attempts to teach American novels to British undergraduates, that British readers often do not share this feeling. Again, this is not just a matter of the simple failure of knowledge or common sense, though these things do fail often enough. You would be astonished at the ingenuities of folk etymology undergraduates can produce when they are confronted by an unfamiliar American term such as 'speakeasy' in *The Great Gatsby*, or at the way they can happily suppose—when they are reading Faulkner's *The Unvanquished*—that Grant's Mississippi campaign had something to do with that unfortunate affair which began with the Boston Tea-party. But such failures are relatively easy to straighten out.

What is not so easy to straighten out is the kind of misreading that takes Sinclair Lewis's novels for pointed social satires when they are muddles of earnest sentimentality; that takes Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* as a social document instead of the odd kind of pastoral novel it is, or Faulkner's *Sanctuary* as a piece of reporting instead of a Gothic allegory. What on earth happens, an American cannot help wondering, when a British reader confronts the opening sentences of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*:

Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn. He cared nothing for boxing, in fact he disliked it, but he learned it painfully and thoroughly to counteract the feeling of inferiority and shyness he had felt on being treated as a Jew at Princeton.

Is that for the British reader a flat list of facts slightly enlivened by a reference to an all-too-familiar kind of anti-semitism? Or is it—as it is for an American—alive with Hemingway's marvellous alertness to the 'feel' of our experience? Every American brings to this passage our lifelong, and often absurdly earnest, concern for athletic activities, with all their subtleties of prestige. 'Do not think that I am impressed by that as a boxing title', the narrator says, at once boasting of his inside knowledge of boxing and laughing at himself for taking it seriously. This passage is also alive with Hemingway's sense of Ivy-League social life and its complex snobberies, which—among other things—make Prince-

ton's treatment of Cohn and Cohn's consequent shyness something very different from, say, Ezra Pound's old-fashioned political anti-semitism.

Nearly all American writers and readers will assume, more or less unconsciously, that the focus of significance in a novel and its final measure of reality is what a particular human being feels. They have a kind of Protestant distrust of dogmatic views and of opinions on burning issues, and they instinctively sympathize with Gertrude Stein's famous rebuke of Hemingway, that 'remarks are not literature'.

The Reader's Image of the Author

What American readers do respond to in a novel is their image of the author, of an awareness behind the fiction that has defined itself with distinction and passion. Under the surface of our highly stylized conventional attitudes, we apparently harbour a secret conviction that the important perception of experience is not social but personal. There are very few serious novels of manners in American literature, because the object of the novel of manners is to bring the understanding to terms with the world, but the object of most American novels is to bring the world to terms with the understanding of the novelist. From Captain Ahab to Hemingway's Nick Adams, the defining characteristic of our great fictional heroes—and of our great novelists—has been the one Scott Fitzgerald ascribed to his most representative hero, Jay Gatsby, when he said that Gatsby, for all his nearly ludicrous social ineptitude, had 'a heightened sensitivity to the promises of life', a conception of the possibilities for what Emerson called self-realization to which he was—again the phrase is Fitzgerald's—'faithful to the end'.

However 'just'—in the eighteenth-century sense of the word—an American novel's representation of society, it rarely exists for itself, though it is sometimes misleadingly painstaking. Perhaps it is precisely because what concerns them most is not rational and objective that American novelists so often rely heavily on descriptive details and careful displays of manners. Let me illustrate this point with a typical passage of contemporary American prose. This passage may seem to you absurdly detailed, but its details are loaded with the author's feelings, evidently with his immediate feelings about the girl who does the things he is describing; but loaded, by an implication nearly as obvious to the American reader, with his acute awareness of a quality glaringly absent from this girl's consciousness. The author of this passage, J. D. Salinger, once remarked that 'The Great Gatsby . . . was my "Tom Sawyer" when I was twelve', and the real point of this passage is the girl's outrageous—and pitiful—lack of sensitivity to the promises of life. The girl is waiting for a long-distance telephone call:

She read an article in a woman's pocket-size magazine called 'Sex is Fun—or Hell'. She washed her comb and brush. She took the spot out of the skirt of her beige suit. She moved the button on her Saks blouse. She tweezed out two freshly surfaced hairs in her mole. When the operator finally rang her room, she was sitting on the window seat and had almost finished putting lacquer on the nails of her left hand.

Minute Particulars in an American Novel

Salinger is no special case. Nearly all American novelists are transcendentalists like Thoreau who, when he came to describe those 'higher laws' of experience about which he cared deeply, talked mostly about the gustatory qualities of fried rats. The minute particulars of American novels are not there for their own sake or to provide a social analysis of America—not even in ostensibly social novelists like John Dos Passos. This special purpose explains the addiction of American writers, from Mark Twain to Ring Lardner and Salinger himself, to first-person narration in

colloquial American speech. *Huckleberry Finn* is really a lyric elegy for Mark Twain's lost youth, and it is perennially fascinating to all varieties of Americans, from business men to T. S. Eliot, because it is the nearly perfect American lament for all lost youth, from the moment at the beginning when Huck reluctantly gives up his outlaw's independence for the complex responsibilities of provincial American society to the moment at the end when he lights out, as he says, for the territories, presumably to die like Leatherstocking in the lonely open spaces of the great prairie. This purpose also explains the American novel's minute representations of times and places—which may look like social history; and of trades and professions—which may look like sociology.

This is not to say that the particularity of American novels, the historical precision of their surfaces, is not important. It is what gives these novels order, keeps the lyric impulse from asserting itself all over the lot, as it does in the novels of Thomas Wolfe. 'We are', as V. S. Pritchett once said, 'more tempted to use the "I" without art than any other pronoun. It is the Jehovah complex'.

Claustrophobic Narrowness of Subject

The most obvious sign of how useful the details of the scene are for American novelists is the almost claustrophobic narrowness of their subjects. They like to close themselves into a very narrow historical, or social, or even geographical area. Nearly all Faulkner's novels—from *The Sound and the Fury* to *The Town*—take place in a small imaginary area of Mississippi called Yoknapawtapha County, a place which bears a striking resemblance to Lafayette County, Mississippi, where William Faulkner has lived most of his life. Moreover, his novels deal with the members of a few families, whose genealogies are set forth in detail. It is hardly too much to say that Faulkner's tragic sense of experience is most intense in those moments when he is contemplating the family relations of the McCaslins and the Compsons, where white, Negro, and Indian blood so often mingle.

The extent to which other American novelists close themselves in is not so often noticed. Yet the best of Hemingway's stories constitute the biography of a single character, Nick Adams, who is Hemingway's imagined self; and John O'Hara's novels return again and again to the small Pennsylvania coal town of Gibbonsville, so like the Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in which John O'Hara grew up. Each of James Gould Cozzens's chief novels is limited to the activities of a more or less self-contained profession, with its own carefully represented ritual, in a small, self-enclosed place, *The Last Adam* is about a doctor in a small New England town, *The Just and the Unjust* and *By Love Possessed* about the legal profession in equally small Pennsylvania towns. Nearly all Salinger's best stories are about the members of a single, tightly knit family.

The most striking sign that these carefully recorded scenes are not merely social history is the way they seem to glow with a light that 'never was on sea or land'—or in a history book, like those scenes in movies which, however careful the historical reconstruction of the set, are illuminated with unnatural intensity.

'The Last Tycoon'

I think I can show you how the detail of the American novel really works by taking what I am bound to admit is a striking case, but not, I think, an unrepresentative one. This is Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*, which has just been reissued in this country. *The Last Tycoon* has been called the best novel ever written about Hollywood, and quite possibly it is. Fitzgerald was certainly at pains to have it true of Hollywood in every particular and might well have added a little note to point out its accuracy, as Mark Twain added a little note to *Huckleberry Finn* to tell the reader what an expert on Mississippi dialects he was.

But *The Last Tycoon* is only incidentally a novel about Hollywood. Fitzgerald had an odd, even fantastic perception of everyday experience, a persistent feeling for the extraordinary queerness of the ordinary. For the expression of this feeling, Hollywood provided him an almost perfect occasion, and his first-person narrator, who has grown up in Hollywood and accepts it 'with the resignation of a ghost assigned to a haunted house', the

perfect way of seeing it. Like most places in our best fiction, Fitzgerald's Hollywood is mostly commonplace and a good deal beat up with being lived in, but none the less haunted.

The relevance of this shoddy, haunted Hollywood to Fitzgerald's sense of experience is illustrated by the scene in which the novel's hero and heroine meet. The scene begins with an earthquake, during which, as Fitzgerald observes, 'small hotels drifted out to sea'—small hotels only, of course: odd as it may be, this earthquake is real, and Fitzgerald is anxious not to distort its reality in the slightest. What makes Hollywood the perfect image for Fitzgerald, however, is the even odder thing the earthquake does in the back lot of the studio for which Stahr, the novel's hero, works.

When Stahr and his assistants get to the back lot they see 'a huge head of the goddess Siva . . . floating down the current of an impromptu river'. With marvellous incongruity, 'two refugees had found sanctuary along a scroll of curls on its bald forehead'. The ironic exaggeration of 'refugees' and 'sanctuary' and the deliberate grotesqueness of 'impromptu' and 'bald' in that sentence are typical of the way Fitzgerald's prose is given vitality by his real purpose. You can hear it again when he adds that the idol 'meandered earnestly on its way, stopping sometimes to waddle and bump in the shallows'. It is also there in the homely incongruity of one of Stahr's assistants, who says: 'We ought to let 'em drift out to the waste pipe, but deMille needs that head next week', and then shouts at the refugees: 'Put that head back! You think it's a souvenir?' In the midst of all this, off that ludicrously wallowing head of a goddess, steps the living image of Stahr's dead wife, with whom he is still deeply in love.

Scott Fitzgerald and Hollywood

A convincing realization of the absurd miracle at the heart of ordinary experience is the real purpose of Fitzgerald's painstaking accuracy about Hollywood and is the essential achievement of *The Last Tycoon*. The young Fitzgerald had, with only mild irony, used an amusement park as his image of the ideal life; 'But don't', he said, 'get up close because if you do you'll only feel the heat and the sweat and the life'. But the Fitzgerald who wrote *The Last Tycoon* no longer feels this sentimental regret for the enchanted, distant prospect of the world's fair or this conviction that actual life consists of unendurable heat and sweat. He has got up close and found that it is, if thoroughly sweaty, also wonderfully odd and even funny. When the narrator, hearing someone moaning in the closet of her father's office, rushes over and opens the door, her father's secretary, with the wonderful name of Birdy Peters, 'tumbles out stark naked—just like a corpse in the movies'—except that she is all too alive and covered with sweat from the heat of the closet. When a faded star of silent pictures remembers her days of fame, she says with a wistfulness all the more moving for its incongruous expression: 'I had a beautiful place in 1928—thirty acres, with a miniature golf course and a pool and a gorgeous view. All spring I was up to my ass in daisies'.

But the novel's most beautiful image of the everyday strangeness of experience is the scene in which Kathleen and Stahr consummate their love, a scene which also makes clear the point of the earthquake with which their love began. From that beginning everything in the novel is afloat and moving in time, which carries life in an earnest and fumbling but rapid drift toward the waste pipe. Even while Stahr decides to wait a day before proposing to Kathleen, for example, her fiancé is unexpectedly on his way to marry her, and the next thing Stahr knows he is staring at a telegram that says: 'I was married at noon today. Good bye: and, on a sticker attached, *Send your answer by Western-Union Telegram*'.

Stahr and Kathleen consummated their love on a visit to a house Stahr was building at Malibu. Characteristically, it was only half finished, surrounded by builder's rubble. But Stahr had already given a luncheon there and, as he says, 'had some props brought out—some grass and things'. Kathleen laughs at him and says, 'Isn't that grass real?' 'Oh, yes', Stahr says, ' . . . it's grass'. Just before they leave this half-finished home with its real but, naturally, temporary grass and furnishings, Kathleen suggests to Stahr that he loves her only because she reminds him of his dead wife. He says simply: 'You look more like she actually

looked than how she was on the screen'. At this Kathleen goes over to a cupboard and comes back wearing an apron. For a moment she stares round the room with an air of domestic anxiety and then says: 'Of course we've just moved in—and there's a sort of echo'. This is the necessary circumstance of their love, this unfinished world with its remarkably real theatrical props and its unavoidable ghostly echoes.

Revolutionaries and their Principles

Simón Bolívar: 'Liberator'

By R. A. HUMPHREYS

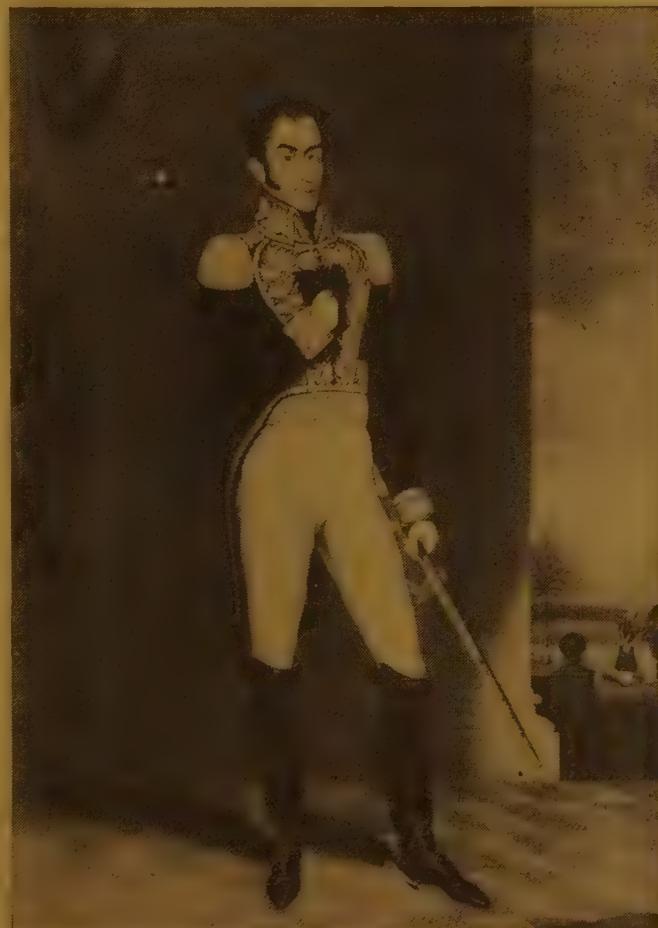
WE know more about Simón Bolívar than we do about any other of the great figures of the wars of South American independence. No other of these leaders wrote so much—or so well. No other inspired quite such passionate devotion or such passionate hostility, a devotion and a hostility reflected in a wealth of contemporary memoirs, letters, and descriptions. And on no other, perhaps, has there been expended so much print, whether by way of pure historical research, of extravagant eulogy, or of equally extravagant abuse. 'To judge revolutions and their participants', Bolívar once observed, 'we must watch them at close range and judge them at great distance'. Watch him at close range we can; almost, indeed, at some periods of his life, from day to day; and it is obvious when we do so that we are in the presence of a man of extraordinary gifts, of talents that amount to genius. But judgment, even at the distance of more than a century and a quarter, still remains in suspense.

From a military point of view his achievements were spectacular. He fought over an area half the size of Europe. His armies marched immense distances over towering mountain ranges, flooded rivers, tropical jungles, burning plains. And though it would be easy to name greater generals among his contemporaries, who but Bolívar, it has been justly said, 'could have overcome the gigantic difficulties of nature, of space, and of the particular people he dealt with?' 'If nature opposes our designs', he declared when an earthquake laid waste Caracas in 1812, 'we shall fight against her and make her obey'. The same faith burns in his famous proclamation to the Bravest of the Brave of Venezuela in 1817 when all yet remained to be done: 'Our destiny calls us to the ends of the American world. For men of such valour, faith, and perseverance, nothing is impossible!'

But the soldier thought of himself primarily as a liberator. In the moulding of his mind two influences were predominant: one stemmed from Rousseau, the other from Napoleon. Rousseau he had read and assimilated as a young man, along with the writings of the *philosophes*, as also of Hobbes, Locke, and Spinoza. His education, for the son of a rich South American landowner, was distinctly unusual. Napoleon he had seen in Paris and in Italy on the second of his three transatlantic journeys. 'I worshipped him',

The Last Tycoon is a minutely detailed image of Fitzgerald's very personal sense of human experience. Its surface is history, but its purpose is lyric. Much the same thing needs to be said of nearly every good American novel, from Hawthorne's reconstructions of Puritan life to Faulkner's accounts of the ante-bellum South. And perhaps something like it needs also to be said of the preoccupation with material details in American life itself.

—Third Programme



Simón Bolívar: engraving of 1827 after a painting by José Gil de Castro

From 'Liberation in South America 1806-1827', by R. A. Humphreys (Athlone Press)

The title of Liberator: he had deserved the name. As a young man not yet twenty-two he had stood on the Monte Sacro outside Rome and there had sworn to free his country from Spanish rule. Of the faithful fulfilment of that oath, says his devoted follower and early biographer, the Irish soldier, Daniel O'Leary, the emancipation of South America was 'his glorious witness'. But freedom meant more to Bolívar than political independence. It meant freedom for the slaves; and it meant freedom from arbitrary government. The young man who had stood on the Monte Sacro had not only worshipped Napoleon; he had read his Rousseau and the philosophers of the Age of Reason. Words such as justice, liberty, equality—political equality—are constantly on his lips.

The sovereignty of the people, he maintains, is the sole legitimate authority of a nation. Democracy, he asserts, is alone susceptible of absolute liberty.

But how were principles such as these to be applied to the Spanish-American world? Bolívar was a revolutionary, and we do not expect revolutionaries to extol the virtues of the systems which they propose to overthrow. We need not take at their face value the tremendous indictments of the Spanish empire contained in some of his most famous utterances, any more than we take at its face value the tremendous indictment of George III contained in the Declaration of Independence of the English colonies in North America. The fact remains that the peoples of Spanish America were unprepared for self-government. They were the orphan children, not the adult heirs, of imperial Spain. Colonial autonomy, relatively well developed in the English colonies, scarcely existed in the Spanish. The Spanish Americans, as Bolívar puts it, were 'without practice in public affairs', 'still too little elevated from servitude', he says, 'to rise easily to the proper enjoyment of liberty'; they were divided by race and class, and only a small minority was literate.

Adapting to Time, Circumstances, and Men

Here, then, was the problem; and it is one which other ex-colonial areas have faced since. It was the problem of how to combine free government with effective government. And it was the problem of how, while making Spanish America safe for democracy, to make democracy safe for Spanish America. For all his romanticism and idealism, Bolívar was no doctrinaire radical. He had watched with horror the fall of the first federal republic of Venezuela, his native land, and the experience was burnt home. 'The codes consulted by our law-givers', he wrote in 1812, 'were not such as could teach them the practical science of government but rather the constructions of certain well-meaning visionaries who, thinking in terms of ideal republics, sought to attain political perfection on the presupposition of the perfectability of the human race. So we were given philosophers for leaders, philanthropy for legislation, dialectic for tactics, and sophists for soldiers'. Away, then, with ideal republics. Governments should be adapted to times, circumstances, men. The federal system, for example, was, no doubt, 'the most perfect and the most capable of providing for human happiness in society'; but it was unsuited to infant states whose citizens as yet lacked the political virtues of true republicans. Venezuela had needed a concentration, not a dispersal of power. 'Not Spanish arms, but our own disunion, returned us to slavery'.

This was political realism indeed. It was a tract for the times as well as a call to action that Bolívar was writing. Historians know it as the *Manifesto of Cartagena*, and to its principles Bolívar returned in another tract, written three years later in one of the darkest hours of the revolution, when he himself was a refugee in Jamaica.

This is the so-called *Jamaica Letter*, an appeal to the world this time, and particularly to England; the letter in which, in anticipation of Canning's famous phrase, Bolívar argues that the independence of America is necessary for the 'equilibrium of the world'. Here he peers into the future and sees seventeen new states arising in America, for the destiny of America, he roundly asserts, is irrevocably decided. These states cannot be united, though perhaps they may be leagued together. And they ought to be republics. But once again Bolívar insists on the political immaturity of the Spanish American peoples. 'Is it conceivable', he asks, 'that a people but recently freed from its chains can ascend into the sphere of liberty without melting its wings like Icarus and plunging into the abyss?' 'Unless our compatriots acquire the political talents and virtues which distinguish our brothers of the north, entirely popular systems, far from being beneficial, will, I very much fear, come to be our ruin'. Once again he insists on the principle of political relativity. 'The American States', he declares, 'need the care of paternal governments to heal the sores and wounds of despotism and war'. To avoid anarchy on the one hand and tyranny on the other they must seek, not the most perfect form of government but the one most likely to succeed. What should that government be? It is obvious, from the *Jamaica Letter*, that Bolívar had already begun to think seriously about this problem, and, interestingly enough, it

was to the English political system that he had begun to look.

By 1819 his ideas had crystallized. The tide was turning now. Bolívar was back in Venezuela and there, on the banks of the Orinoco, at Angostura, today Ciudad Bolívar, he had called together an assembly to lay the foundations of a new state. He himself had been far away up-stream from Angostura, and O'Leary, in a delightful passage, tells us how Bolívar set sail down the great river and how, reclining in his hammock in the heat of the day or under the shadow of gigantic trees in the cool of the evening, he dictated to his secretary his plan for the future government of Venezuela and the celebrated speech which is known as the *Address to the Congress of Angostura*.

Deepening Scepticism

The *Address to the Congress of Angostura* is the most notable of Bolívar's political pronouncements. It repeats sometimes the very words and certainly the ideas of his earlier writings and speeches. But these ideas are now carried further. He was still a young man, not yet thirty-six. He still held firm to his early republican faith. Such words as liberty and equality still retained their charm. But his scepticism had deepened. He had little confidence in what he calls the 'republican morality', or, as we should say, the civic virtues, of his fellow-countrymen. He profoundly distrusted their ignorance and inexperience. He saw how easily popular institutions could be abused. 'It is harder', he says, 'to maintain the balance of liberty than to endure the weight of tyranny'. And he feared for the future. Moderation is the burden of his cry. Do not aspire to the impossible. 'Absolute liberty invariably lapses into absolute power'. And the mean between these two extremes, he adds, is social liberty.

But how to secure this mean? Study, Bolívar replies, the constitution of England. Study it, at least, in its republican features, though indeed, he continues, 'can a political system be labelled a monarchy when it recognizes popular sovereignty, the division and balance of powers, civil liberty, freedom of conscience and of the press, and all that is politically sublime? Can there be more liberty in no matter what republic? Can more be asked of any society?' If this is the British Constitution tinted by Montesquieu's spectacles, nevertheless it is the model which Bolívar proposes to follow. In place of the House of Lords he would have a hereditary senate of virtuous men educated for high office. It is to serve 'as a counterweight to both government and people', as a neutral power between both. In place of the Crown he would have a strong republican president—not yet a president serving for life, though this idea had certainly occurred to him and he would propose it later. There would, of course, be a House of Representatives similar to the House of Commons. And, to improve on the whole, Bolívar adds a fourth body. He calls it an Areopagus, and he conceives of it as a chamber of guardians to watch over the education of youth, to promote virtue, and to eliminate vice. For a republic, he says in effect, is no better than the men who compose it.

'Only a Tempered Government Can Be Free'

What are we to make of these extraordinary proposals? Are we to conclude, as it has been concluded, that Bolívar was 'less and less a democrat', that he wanted to found 'a great aristocratic republic', or even a 'monocracy', and that all his phrases about political equality, the sovereignty of the people, civil liberty and the division and balance of powers are so much rhetoric? It is too simple an explanation. Strong government he certainly wanted, and a government which would promote national unity and a national spirit. And like John Adams in the United States he feared the unfettered exercise of the popular will. 'It is a recognized principle of politics', he writes in 1820, 'that an absolutely democratic government is as tyrannical as a despot. Hence only a tempered government can be free'. Only a tempered government can be free: that is the point. 'I have no desire', Bolívar told the assembly at Angostura, 'to grant a despot authority to tyrannize over the Republic. I do wish to prevent a deliberative despotism from being the immediate source of a vicious circle of despotic situations in which anarchy alternates with oligarchy and monarchy'.

It was only in part that Bolívar's ideas were accepted; and he himself was preoccupied with other problems. He was fighting a

war, and his path was forward now. The years that followed the Congress of Angostura were years of victory. His armies marched from the flooded plains of the Orinoco to the high plateau of Bolivia. Great Colombia was called into being, Peru was freed from Spanish rule, Bolivia created. And at the end of 1825 Bolívar had reached the height of his power and fame. He was dreaming now of a Spanish American League of Nations—his vision was always continental—and he dreamed also of a still closer federation between the states which he himself had helped to found. But the waters of anarchy were rising. For Bolivia, the newest of the republics, he drafted a constitution which the other states, he hoped, would adopt. It was to be, he said, the ark which would save all from shipwreck. And it was in fact a monarchy in disguise. There was to be a life-president now as well as a chamber of censors, though not a hereditary senate, and the president, far removed from popular control, was to nominate his successor. He was to be the 'fixed point', says Bolívar, upon which the entire order would rest.

Seven years had passed since the Congress of Angostura, and we know the conclusion to which Bolívar had come. 'I am convinced to the very marrow of my bones', he writes in 1826, 'that our America can only be ruled through an able despotism'. It had come to that: the principle of authority. Had it not been the principle of Spanish rule? And Spanish rule he had destroyed. But he still believed that freedom and authority could be reconciled. Civil liberty, he maintained, was 'the one true freedom'; and civil liberty, he believed, he had preserved intact.

The end was tragedy. All his hopes, all his plans, collapsed. The Liberator became a dictator. His life was attempted. And amidst a falling world he despaired. 'There is no good faith in America, nor among the nations of America', he wrote in 1829. 'Treaties are scraps of paper; constitutions, printed matter; elections, battles; freedom, anarchy; and life, a torment'. At the last he trod the road of exile, and on that road, in 1830, he died. He was forty-seven. Five weeks before his death he penned the famous sentence: 'He who serves a revolution ploughs the sea'.

—Third Programme

Le Corbusier: Utopian Architect

COLIN ROWE reflects on the exhibition at the Building Centre

IT is often well to begin with a text, and a quotation from Wyndham Lewis's *Time and Western Man* may well provide a sobering commentary, either before or after a visit to the Building Centre in London to see the current exhibition* devoted to Le Corbusier. Wyndham Lewis wrote:

When a great creation or invention of art makes its appearance, usually a short sharp struggle ensues. The social organism is put on its mettle. If it is impossible quite to overcome the work in question, it is (after the short sharp struggle) accepted. Its canonization is the manner of its martyrdom. It is at all events robbed of its effect by a verbal acquiescence and a little crop of coarse imitations. Nothing really ugly or powerful, in most instances, has been at all disturbed.

The earlier decades of this century did indeed witness a great 'invention' of art, and the authority of this 'invention' is made beautifully clear by Le Corbusier's achievement. Was it perhaps a foregone conclusion that society could not resist the rebellious simplicity of the programme which informs all his activity, so that, after a show of resistance, it was accepted and a revolution was thus completed? For the success of any revolution is also its failure. Initial demands are never perfectly satisfied; while, in terms of specific objectives, concrete results will always appear as a corruption of original principles; and thus today modern architecture may be felt to have become all that it was never intended to become. For it was an architecture which was sustained by the faith that it was to change the world, to regenerate society and, in short, to redeem mankind. And except for provincial pockets of resistance it is now as successful as any architecture is ever likely to be. It is patronized by governments and endorsed by great corporations. It is established. It is orthodox. It is official art. And thus, rather than the continuing symbol of

something new, modern architecture has recently become the decoration of everything existing.

Perhaps we may well be relieved that this is so. But our feeling of relief in itself constitutes the central irony involved in any appraisal of Le Corbusier today. For his plastic achievement as presented at the Building Centre can scarcely be separated from his ideology, and fundamental to Le Corbusier's ideological

position there is the expectation of a Utopia, his belief that salvation is to be expected through architecture. Given the *Ville Radieuse*, given a planned world, he constantly seems to reiterate, then everything will be set right. Justice will be just and politics moral; while 'tourism, leisure and work will find fluidness, charm, utility'.

Between the real calamities of the century and this engaging vision there is a gap which daily becomes more glaring; and there is therefore a certain pathos which attaches itself to this large exhibition of Le Corbusier's work. The millennium, on the possibility of which so many of his principles were predicated, seems now to be infinitely remote; while in the retrospective, precedent-ridden climate of the present his highly abstracted idea of society and his single-minded commitment both seem to belong to an age lost beyond recall.

But it is in the nature of genius to override or to dismiss the probabilities of a given historical situation; and in this way—by discarding the merely probable and by proposing the apparently impossible—Le Corbusier has been able to effect a genuine renewal, so that paradoxically it is only now when his basic faith has come to seem incredible that his formal influence has reached a zenith. Almost wherever we are likely to go we shall come across imitations (and imitations of imitations) of his work; while in his ability to provide a quarry of source material for his professional contemporaries to mime he has

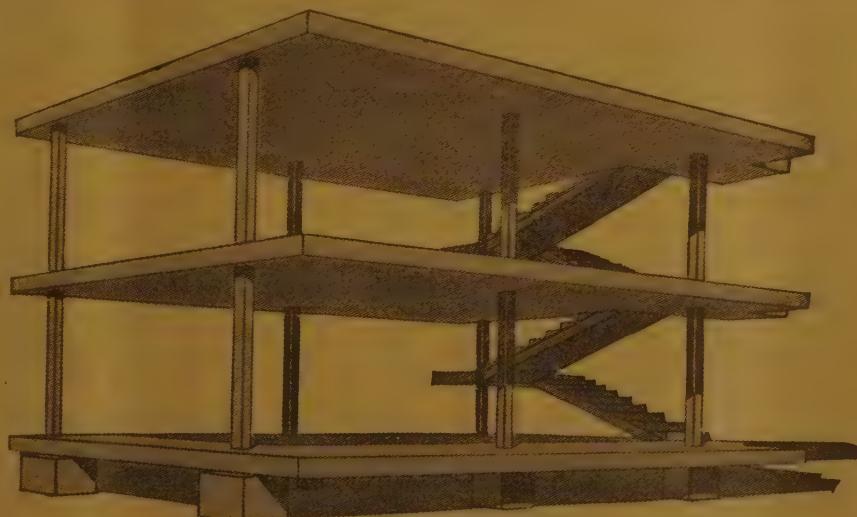


Diagram of the ferro-concrete skeleton for a house (c. 1915), the structural datum for Le Corbusier's development

possibly been surpassed by no other architect since Michelangelo.

His influence has been principally exercised through the medium of the illustrated book; and if we wish to understand its nature it is to his early treatise, *Towards a New Architecture*, and to the publication of his buildings and projects as his *Oeuvre Complète* that we must look. For in these books he evolves a frame of reference, persuades us to accept it, poses the problems and answers them in his own terms; so that, like the great system makers of the Renaissance, Le Corbusier presents himself to us as a kind of living encyclopaedia of architecture, or as the index to a world where all experience is ordered and all inconsistency eradicated.

But if the world of Le Corbusier may be said thus to answer to emotional necessity it is not for all that a completely harmonious one. In his scheme of things, the intellect is obliged constantly to oscillate between polar extremes. On the one hand, looming very large in his mental life, there are the Parthenon, the Pantheon, the forum of Pompeii, the Grand Court of the Louvre; and, on the other, looming no less large, there is something which he calls 'the engineer's aesthetic', a matter of aircraft, Canadian grain elevators, old steamships, the roof of the Fiat works in Turin, low-pressure ventilating fans, Bugatti engines.

In other words it is perfectly simple, though perhaps a little too simple, to propose that Le Corbusier's architecture is the product of a dialectic between the Mediterranean classical tradition and certain technological

achievements of the early twentieth century which are conceived of as being pre-eminently 'modern'. Like earlier exponents of the classical tradition, Le Corbusier does believe that there are truths which are true for all time and ideas which are independent of place; and accordingly, very much like Alberti or Palladio, he aspires to discover these principles, that 'axis of organization which must indeed be that on which all phenomena are based', which 'leads us to assume a unity of conduct in the universe and to admit a single will behind it'. And if in passages of this kind Le Corbusier's classicizing bias is so pronounced that he can almost sound like someone paraphrasing Pope's *Essay on Man*, it is not surprising that for him, as for earlier representatives of the same mental family, architecture should be largely an affair of elementary geometrical solids and simple mathematical ratios.

'Geometry is the language of man', and looking for further proof of this Le Corbusier attempts to bring this idea of unchanging principle into relationship with the facts of a changing technology; he does so by proposing that techniques based upon special knowledge are closer to his 'axis of organization' than art based on mere caprice; and thus he is able again and again to ram home virtually the same idea: that 'engineers produce architecture, for they employ a mathematical calculation which derives from natural law'.

In some ways here again we might still feel ourselves to be in the eighteenth century, but surprisingly it was by classical ideas such as the law of nature (which prompted lyrical excursions

into the world of the machine) and it was with only subsidiary gestures towards the spirit of the age that Le Corbusier enlivened architectural polemic more than thirty-five years ago. It was a rigorous debate between past and present that he sometimes seemed to propose that architecture should become, but it was as a somewhat different debate that his own achievement developed.

In most of his works the classical component is there simply as a preference for highly abstracted volume, though there is a further ingredient perhaps of a specifically French classicism in the extraordinary strictness of some of his spatial distributions. But, as is very well known, and as the present exhibition provides evidence to illustrate, it was particularly synthetic cubism which formed the real catalyst of his style, and almost all his buildings have been simply the consequences of bringing together the compositional method of cubist derivation with a somewhat generalized conception of reinforced concrete structure. Thus the

drawing of 1915, showing the reinforced concrete skeleton of what he called the *Maison Dom-ino* constitutes the datum for almost all Le Corbusier's activity; and it is characteristic of his turn of mind that he should have proposed such a structural method as being suitable for a small house. But it is in reality more a necessary idea which he here presents than a necessary structure. It is, one might say, an idea which Le Corbusier has deduced as being the solution to the problem: architecture; and it is therefore a controlling idea from which for many years he was not disposed to deviate.

It is understandable why. The resolution of the building into simply columns and horizontal planes offered a remarkable accommodation for formal ideas of cubist origin; and Le Corbusier was able to create an apparent amalgam of the two of such vigour that the rest of the world has really been unable as yet to think of any other. Seemingly he was the first to grasp the idea that a structural organization of this kind, with its absolute equality of rhythmic punctuation and its sandwich-like layers of space, acted to prohibit any centralization of emphasis. And seemingly he was the first consistently to apply an opposite principle of emphasis—that of distributing important episodes not in the centre but around the edges of the building. Drawing on the continuous cubist experiment with exactly this type of 'peripheric' composition, by allowing a variety of planes to enter into a contrapuntal relationship with the concrete skeleton, Le Corbusier was able to strengthen intrinsic characteristics of that skeleton, and he was able to do it in a way which was so convincing that his creation almost encourages an illusion that the reinforced concrete frame and the cubist discovery were complementary manifestations.

This achievement has been Le Corbusier's chief contribution to architecture, but it is a contribution which he himself has developed and enriched with a consistency of which none of his competitors have been capable, for borrowing again from the methods of Picasso or Braque or Léger he has been able to elevate the accidents of the modern metropolis to a pitch of aesthetic relevance, to draw them into his scheme of things,



Layout by Le Corbusier for a terrace garden, part of a design for a block of flats in Geneva (1928)

and to make of them the elements of a significant architectural orchestration.

But though he has derived so much from the study of the city, his own urbanistic achievements are scarcely to be considered to rank alongside his architectural ones. All of his buildings were for many years thought of by him as *parts* of a city, a city which was later to be fully realized; but this city of the mind of which, say, the Swiss Pavilion is an important fragment, though it has a formative significance for so much of his activity, and though it serves to rationalize so many of his innovations, was never charged with any of the brilliant spatial stimuli which the assumption of its existence helped to produce in his individual buildings; and consequently one may well be left wondering whether this *Ville Radieuse* was ever a serious proposition or whether it was not simply a necessary mental convenience providing him with a closed field in which activity could be isolated and raised into prominence.

In a Third Programme discussion last week, entitled 'Le Corbusier and the Future of Architecture', the nature of his

town planning proposals was severely criticized by all participants. In addition a general feeling was expressed that the period of his greatest influence on contemporaries was already drawing to an end. Although it was suggested by Berthold Lubetkin that Le Corbusier had never been utopian enough and had concerned himself too exclusively with expedients, this was not the general view. Graeme Shankland felt that Le Corbusier's tendency to make man in his own image, to project this image on society and often to impose a formal pattern regardless of circumstances, in some degree vitiated his contribution. James Stirling expressed the opinion that the spatial luxury which was necessary to all his achievement was now beginning to detract from the viability of his forms, and proposed that in the post-Corbusier world a more down to earth empiricism was to be desired. Both George Kassaboff and I registered a mild disagreement with this view. If Le Corbusier's utopianism does seem to have been such a powerful agent of change in the 1920s and 1930s, is it not also reasonable to suppose that if change is required, then another utopian attitude might well again provide the stimulus?

The Making of Classical Greece

The Originality of the Greek City-State

By M. I. FINLEY

A TEXT of the Hittite king, Hattusilis III, who reigned from about 1275 to about 1250 B.C., begins with these words:

Thus speaks Tabarna Hattusilis, the great king, king of Hatti, son of Mursilis, the great king of Hatti, grandson of Suppiluliumas, the great king, king of Hatti, descendant of Hattusilis, king of Kussara. I tell the divine power of Ishtar; let all men hear it, and in the future may the reverence of me, the Sun, of my son, and of my son's son, and of my Majesty's seed be given to Ishtar among the gods.

These are formulas and they are typical of Hittite state documents. In a broad sense, they are typical of the whole of the ancient Near East, for they reveal a flow of power and authority which moves in only one direction, from the gods to the ruler to the subjects. The return flow is one of obedience. In such a civilization, a distinguished Assyriologist, Professor Jacobsen, has noted, 'obedience must necessarily stand out as a prime virtue. It can cause no wonder, therefore, that in Mesopotamia the "good life" was the "obedient life"'.

Authority and Obedience

My subject here is politics: and politics is about authority and obedience. Every society must have political arrangements, they must be initiated from some source, they must be enforceable in some way, and they must have a sanction, a justification. If we put aside the purely technical aspects and get down to fundamentals, the range of possibilities is small. One pattern is the Near Eastern: a hierarchic and hieratic organization in which the orders travel down the line and obedience travels back up; in which the rulers are direct representatives of the gods and sometimes even incarnations of divinity.

An altogether different pattern unfolded in post-Mycenaean Greece. The Greeks summed it up in a single word, *polis*, which by convention we translate as 'city-state'. The idea of the *polis* achieved its fullest expression in the classical period, the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. Classical city-states were extremely varied, and behind them lay a long, complicated history, characterized among other things by a very uneven development in size, in economic activity, in culture, and in political techniques. Yet every city-state shared a common ground with every other one: they were each of them closed, autonomous communities in which the sole source of authority was the community itself, and not an outside agency, human or divine, or some individual standing above his fellow-men. Whereas the Near Eastern ruler legislated

and decreed in the name of a god, and politics was a function of the religious organization (if not of religion itself), Greek religion was a function of the political organization. No Greek could say, in imitation of King Hattusilis of the Hittites, 'in the future may the reverence of me be given to Zeus among the gods'. Alexander the Great said something like it, but he was a Macedonian, not a Greek, and by this very saying he marked the end of the free, classical city-state.

Eleutheria—freedom—was perhaps the most favoured word in the Greek political vocabulary. With it a third dimension was introduced into politics, alongside authority and obedience, a contradictory dimension, leading to tension and conflict. The polarity between freedom and authority was the most fructifying element in Greek life, as it never was in the ancient Near East for the simple reason that the idea of freedom was basically incompatible with their totally authoritarian notions of society and the cosmos. Already Hesiod in the *Theogony*, the work in Greek literature which seems to show most eastern influence, reveals the full measure of the divide between the two worlds. The late Henri Frankfort pointed out that 'Hesiod is without oriental precedent in one respect: the gods and the universe were described by him as a matter of private interest. Such freedom was unheard of in the Near East, except among the Hebrews'. Professor Page has given an illustration from another field, lyric poetry, in which in the pre-classical era men (and women) broke radically from the older Greek tradition to write in a new way about themselves and their friends. This, too, was a manifestation of freedom, and there were no eastern precedents. Ionian speculative philosophy is a third example, and politics a fourth.

Problem of a Tyrant

In classical Greece, political debate was vigorous, and often enough it spilled out from the academies into ruthless civil war. The conflict between oligarchy and democracy was the *leitmotif* of classical Greek politics. The point to hold on to, however, is that nearly everyone agreed on certain fundamentals: on the paramount virtue of the rule of law, originating in the community as the ultimate source and final authority; and on the need for an equilibrium between freedom and authority. The big exception was tyranny, which attacked the structure at its roots, and the tyrant was the great bugaboo of the city-state. He stood outside the law and outside the community, no matter how many of its forms he seemed to be employing in his government.

(continued on page 292)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 4-10

Wednesday, February 4

Agreement between Britain and six Euratom countries to co-operate in peaceful uses of atomic energy is signed in London

The Treasury lifts further restrictions on domestic borrowing and issuing of shares in the United Kingdom

Thursday, February 5

The Prime Minister tells the Commons that he and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd will visit Russia later this month

Mr. Khrushchev, in a speech closing Soviet Communist Party Congress, invites President Eisenhower to visit Russia

Friday, February 6

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking to the National Production Advisory Council on Industry, says that there are 'small but distinct signs of an upturn' in our economy

Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers begin talks on Cyprus in Zurich

Seventeen unions represented on National Joint Council for Civil Air Transport reject conclusions of court of inquiry into dispute at London Airport

Saturday, February 7

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd says that he and the Prime Minister are going to Moscow not to negotiate but to 'establish contact' with the Soviet leaders

The Soviet Union is to give more technical aid (valued at £450,000,000) to China

An Icelandic court fines captain of a British trawler £1,600 for fishing within the four-mile limit

Sunday, February 8

At the end of Mr. Dulles's talks in Europe it is announced that a meeting of Western Foreign Ministers will take place, possibly next month

Scottish Trades Union Congress expresses concern at unemployment in West of Scotland

Monday, February 9

Mr. Dulles, speaking on his return to Washington, says the Western Powers are in general agreement over any counteraction which might be necessary to safeguard their position in Berlin

The Government proposes increase in university grants by over £2,000,000 in each of the next three years

A new research reactor is to be built at Windscale, Cumberland

Tuesday, February 10

Defence White Paper published

More than thirty people killed in tornado at St. Louis, Missouri

Unemployment in Britain reaches 620,000, the highest figure since 1947

Mr. Dulles goes into hospital for hernia operation



The first of a convoy of four American army lorries crossing the border from East into West Germany at Helmstadt on February 4. The lorries, part of a regular convoy from Berlin, had earlier in the week been detained for over two days by the Russians at the control point at Marienburg after the drivers had refused to allow their lorries to be searched



The Royal Standard, which flies over Buckingham Palace when the Queen is in residence, is in future to be floodlit from dusk until midnight. This photograph was taken last week when it was illuminated for the first time



British parachute troops in Cyprus using skis during their search for terrorists in the snow-covered Troodos mountains



Welsh terrier 'Sandstorm Sarac' the supreme champion of this year's Cruft's Dog Show held at Olympia, London, last week



John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, photographed with Mr. Harold Macmillan at 10 Downing Street on February 4. Mr. Dulles discussed Germany with the Prime Minister and later flew to Paris and Bonn for similar discussions with the French and German leaders



Dr. Daniel Malan, former Prime Minister of South Africa, who died on February 7, aged eighty-four. An uncompromising nationalist, he defeated General Smuts in 1948 and became Prime Minister in an administration chiefly notable for the introduction of the policy of *apartheid*—the segregation of white and coloured communities. He retired in 1954



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is making a three-week tour of Kenya and Uganda, driving in a Land-Rover at a rally of 20,000 schoolchildren in Mitchell Park, Nairobi, on February 7



The interior of the new church of St. Cuthbert at North Wembley which the Bishop of London is to dedicate on February 14

Left: the opening of the salmon fishing season: anglers on the banks of the river Lune at Halton, Lancashire, last weekend

(continued from page 289)

Many Greek cities fell under tyranny for longer or shorter periods even in the classical age. The circumstances need not detain us; it is enough to note the fact as a sign that the city-state was in some ways imperfect. But neither the failure of the city-state fully to achieve its goals, nor the narrowness of its idea of freedom and the community, inevitable in a society with numbers of slaves, is relevant to the present discussion. No more is the occasional appearance of odd phenomena in the Near East. The Hebrew prophets may have shared with Hesiod—up to a point—the freedom to speculate, as a private matter, about the cosmos. The earliest Sumerian cities may have been organized in a system which Jacobsen calls primitive democracy. But the ancient Hebrew state remained, in the final analysis, authoritarian and theocratic, and the Sumerian cities quickly became the private possessions of the gods through their priests and temples. No one, I believe, will dispute the proposition that the fully developed, classical *polis* was a new and original institution, unlike anything produced by either predecessors or neighbours. Only in its prehistory, if at all, is the possibility of external (or traditional) influences a subject for discussion.

For politics we need documents. The contribution archaeology can make is very limited indeed. Oriental influences in pottery (or in mythology, for that matter) imply nothing whatsoever about social influences or political influences. Even studies of sites are tricky to evaluate. Professor Cook was surely right to argue that the Mycenaean citadels do not fit the Homeric picture of settlement, let alone the city-state. But then he suggested that 'Homer and archaeology' combine to reveal the Ionic origin of the *polis*, and I am bound to demur. The way in which Smyrna was rebuilt about 700 B.C., he said, 'seems to imply a city-consciousness and civic organization' of a high order. What kind of civic organization? We have not the faintest idea, and we must remember that the Near East is filled with well laid out cities without a *polis* structure or *polis* idea. Conversely, although Dark Age and early archaic sites in Old Greece are so poor that 'we find only the scantiest traces of the habitations of the living', it is wrong to infer that therefore they had neither 'city-consciousness' nor 'civic organization'. Thucydides warned against this long ago, when he pointed out that if Sparta were laid waste, later ages would refuse to believe in her former great power, for Sparta was not a genuinely urban community, but one in which the population lived scattered in villages after the old fashion.

End-Product of a Development

The city-state was not an 'invention' of the Ionians or anyone else but the end-product of a development, much of it not conscious or deliberate at all. Only after it had come into being did the Greeks realize that it was something about which a philosophy could be developed. The roots are lost in the Dark Ages. The four centuries from 1200 to 800 B.C. were a period of much movement and conflict, of confusion and development, in which small groups of Greeks on the mainland and the coast of Asia Minor faced a more or less common environment and common problems. It need hardly surprise us that their solutions tended in the same direc-

tion, and the tendency was reinforced by the continuous contact they maintained with each other.

It is no use pretending that we can express anything more than the vaguest generalities about political history and growth in the Dark Ages. But by the middle of the eighth century we have something firm, the so-called colonization movement which began about 750 B.C. and continued rapidly and on a relatively grand scale for nearly 200 years. Those were the centuries in which Greeks migrated in organized groups and founded new settlements in southern Italy and Sicily, on the French and African coasts of the Mediterranean, along the Black Sea, and elsewhere. Three points are significant about this movement. In the first place, the initiative was first taken not by the Ionian cities but by a number of cities in Old Greece. Second, the new settlements were established without kings. Third, and most important, the process was not one of colonization at all, though we call it that, but a hiving off of new communities from the older ones already in existence. The new settlements were neither colonies nor trading posts but, from the day of their foundation, independent communities. So far had the community-quality of Greek society advanced by the latter half of the eighth century in a considerable portion of the Greek world, though not in all of it.

Community Consciousness

Reflections of community consciousness are not missing from the poetry of the early colonization period, scanty as it is. There are hints of it in Hesiod's *Works and Days*; there Hesiod warns the 'bribe-devouring rulers' that their 'crooked judgments' may bring down the punishment of Zeus on an entire *polis*. A much more positive note was struck by the Spartan Tyrtaeus, whose elegies were patriotic rallying cries during the second Messenian war. The difference in tone between Hesiod and Tyrtaeus, and between both of them and a poet like Archilochus, could imply nothing more than purely personal differences. But surely underneath lay significant differences among their communities, the uneven development to which I have already referred. Archilochus the buccaneer was an islander, whereas Hesiod, in rural and relatively backward Boeotia, hated the sea and seafaring. Sparta was then perhaps the most advanced and original of all Greek communities in its political organization. Sparta was also unique in its social structure, resting on its helot base. And Sparta (like Athens) played no part in the colonization movement. So complex and criss-crossing were the variations which existed by the year 700.

These early archaic communities were usually dominated by a small number of powerful aristocratic families. For them there was an excess of freedom, which tended to set them, individually and collectively, above the community. For the others there was little freedom, and often none at all. Hence the seventh and sixth centuries are filled with class conflict bursting out of agrarian discontent, as they are also filled with internecine war among the nobles. These struggles helped bring about the classical city-state, creating the necessary techniques of government, framing laws and promoting equality before the law, taming (or at least checking) the excessive power

and freedom of the few, fixing an equilibrium between the community and the individual, between authority and freedom, and stimulating political thinking and political theory.

The Lawgivers' 'Gimmicks'

We must not assume that in those two difficult centuries the Greeks had the classical city-state in view, or even a general theory. They took steps as circumstances permitted or required, and they had to compromise, back-track, evade, as well as leap forward. All the time they had to experiment, lacking both precedent and theory. Many of their institutions have a gimmick-like quality—ostracism, for example—as if someone was suddenly faced with a new problem and thought up a device with which to tackle it. That, I believe, is just what happened on many occasions. Ancient traditions place much stress on individual 'lawgivers', learned and often widely travelled men who were called in by some community at a moment of crisis and empowered to legislate on a grand scale. The law they laid down was a mixture of traditional elements, institutions borrowed from other communities, and original ideas, some of them gimmicks.

The lawgiver about whom we know most is Solon the Athenian. He was given plenipotentiary power to reform the law and the structure of government in 594 B.C. In Aristotle's very perceptive judgment, Solon's three most important measures were the following: abolition of enslavement for debt, creation of the right of a third party to seek justice in court on behalf of an aggrieved person, and the introduction of appeals to a popular tribunal. Notably, these were not constitutional measures in the usual sense, but steps designed to advance the community idea by protecting the weaker majority from the excessive and, so to speak, extra-legal power of the nobility.

The Eastern king legislated for subjects, the Greek lawgiver laid down rules by which the community was then to govern itself. Having completed his work, Solon left Athens for ten years so that the community could test his programme without the distorting effect of his presence. He need not have done that: he could have become a tyrant. However, he refused, though many other Greek cities were then under the tyrant's rule. Almost a century was to go by before this final barrier to the complete city-state was to be removed from Old Greece. Paradoxically, it was in Athens that tyranny, having arrived late (for the first time about 560), survived the latest; whereas Sparta, the ideal of the opponents of Athenian democracy, had organized her community so early and so successfully, that she never suffered a tyrant's rule. I must add at once that no Greek city ever succeeded in taming the powerful individual completely. 'In every gifted and ambitious Greek', the historian Burckhardt wrote, 'there dwelt a tyrant and an aristocrat'. But that belongs to the story of the classical city-state, not to an account of its making.

There still remains to be considered the question of possible survivals and cultural continuity from Mycenaean times. The direct evidence is all negative. The archaeological record is clear: about 1200 B.C. there was massive destruction of the Mycenaean palaces and of the whole material level of their civilization. The Mycenaean tablets, limited as they are, help fill in some cogent

details. Whatever glimpses they give us of social and political arrangements seem to have nothing in common with what followed in succeeding centuries.

However, Professor Crossland* has tried to rescue cultural continuity by a detour. He turns to the Hittites for clues to Mycenaean society because both were Indo-European speaking people who entered the eastern Mediterranean about 2000 B.C. or soon thereafter and eventually became the ruling castes of powerful and highly cultured, monarchical states. His main argument is that in 'the earlier centuries of Hittite power, the seventeenth to the fifteenth', their kings were 'much less absolute' than subsequently; 'at least they have to pay careful attention to the opinions of their nobles'. So do the Homeric kings, he continues. But so do many other kings throughout history, among all kinds of peoples and in all kinds of circumstances. Such a limited parallel, it seems to me, proves nothing about connexions or influences or continuity. Much

more significant is that after about 1500 B.C. the Hittite kings were in all essential respects Near Eastern rulers, and that never again in a Hittite text is there anything which even on such an elementary level of political behaviour suggests a parallel with Greek developments.

Ironically, there may be one Oriental analogy to the Greek city-state, if it is not pressed too hard, and that is among the Phoenicians, whose language was not Indo-European at all, but Semitic. The one non-Greek community which Aristotle found worthy of serious analysis in his *Politics* was Carthage, the Phoenician settlement in North Africa. He drew a detailed, and far from unfavourable, comparison between its constitution and the Spartan, and he found a number of very striking similarities. Had Aristotle known modern philology, he would have been astonished to find two other contemporary peoples, the Thracians and the Phrygians, linked with the Greeks in the Indo-European language family. To the Greeks, the Thracians

and Phrygians were above all sources of slaves, as remote from their conceptions of a civilized society as any people could be. Those who trace the roots of 'democracy and rationalism' back to 'the tradition of an immigrant Indo-European ruling class' must explain the absence of these things among the Thracians and Phrygians and the disappearance of even the 'foreshadings' among the Hittites, as well as their supposed survival and continued growth among the Greeks.

In the centuries between 1200 and 500 B.C. the Greeks absorbed and transmuted all kinds of borrowings: the Phoenician alphabet, technical skills, mythological tales, religious and aesthetic ideas, coinage, and so on. I know of no evidence of the borrowing of significant political ideas or institutions. Should such evidence be discovered, it would surprise me but it would not impress me. With notions, as with individuals, it is not where they took their ideas which counts, but what they did with them.—*Third Programme*

* THE LISTENER, December 18, 1958

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

A Panorama of Modern China

Sir,—Now you have published (on February 5) an article based on the sound-track of the 'Panorama' programme on China, may I express horror at the way this programme was put together? One would have thought that, in dealing with such an important and controversial subject, there would have been some attempt at impartiality, but it was clear right from the start that we were going to be given the 'yellow peril' treatment.

Sure enough, out trotted the expected 1984 cliché, the ridiculous misstatements ('if you take a train trip at all it must be to help the industrialization of the nation'), the unjustified sneers ('a visit to Peking hospital is a step back to the year 500 B.C.'), and the naive double standards (Mr. Clark found it terrible that children play soldiers and sing 'We must liberate Formosa' and 'Socialism is best'. It was different in war-time England, of course: children played soldiers and sang 'We're going to hang out our washing on the Siegfried Line' and 'Rule, Britannia').

Impartiality was evidently jettisoned as an unattainable or expendable ideal, but mere statistical accuracy is not so difficult of achievement, and consequently it is the more surprising that the 'Panorama' team was so faint-hearted in the pursuit of it. A few minutes homework would have taught them that China does not claim to be second only to the United States in coal output; on the contrary, she claims to have overtaken the United States last year. Nor is it true that China claims to have produced 210,000,000 tons of coal this year: the figure should be 60,000,000 tons higher. I have not checked any of the other figures quoted in the article, so for all I know they may be equally wrong.

Surely the 9,000,000 viewers who expect 'Panorama' to give them serious treatment of important topical issues have a right to expect

greater standards of accuracy and impartiality than this programme showed.—Yours, etc.,
Durham

RAYMOND DAWSON

The Moral Dilemmas of Lenin

Sir,—In the course of his talk (THE LISTENER, February 5) Mr. Isaac Deutscher referred to Lenin's illness as 'sclerotic paralysis'. This term is vague and possibly misleading as there are several varieties of cerebral sclerosis in addition to an arterial disease referred to as 'arteriosclerosis'.

Lenin's brain was the object of a thorough pathological study by the eminent German neurologist O. Vogt, who was invited for this purpose to Moscow and had later published his findings in the *Journal der Psychologie und Neurologie*, 1929, volume 40, page 108. It is clear from his account that Lenin's illness was the result of scarring around one of the carotid arteries caused by a bullet fired in an attempt on his life a few years earlier by the socialist revolutionary Fanny Kaplan. The bullet passed close to the artery which contracted subsequently as scar tissue formed around it. The arterial lumen was also secondarily narrowed by arteriosclerotic change in the wall of the artery. This gave rise to increasing ischaemia (reduced bloodflow) in the cerebral hemisphere supplied by the affected artery and, eventually, to softening in it. Lenin's condition could thus be best described as hemiplegia due to ischaemic cerebral softening or, briefly, 'ischaemic paralysis'.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.16

L. CROME

The Nature of Authority

Sir,—In his extremely interesting talk on 'The Nature of Authority' (published in THE LISTENER of February 5) Mr. Richard Peters performed what seems to at least one reader the remarkable feat of not once mentioning or hinting at the lively discussions (resulting in several recently published works—among them

a notable example is Professor Michael Grant's *From Imperium to Auctoritas*, Cambridge University Press, 1946) which have been going on for the last generation in the learned world as to the nature of that *auctoritas* (partial inheritance from the Republican period) which launched the Roman emperors on a thousand years of rule.

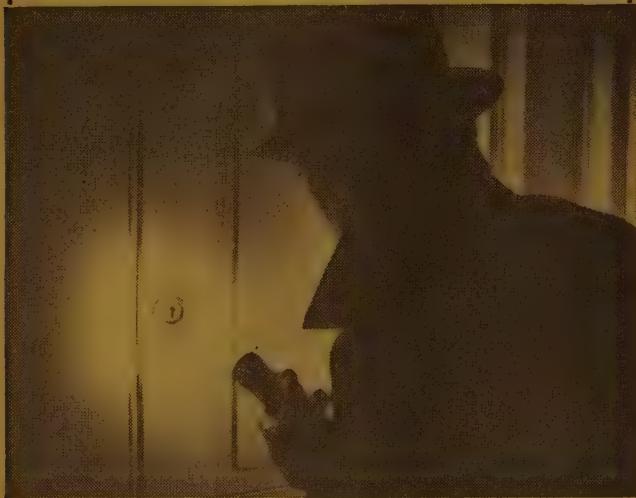
Augustus, the first of these, declared and published to the empire at large the statement that (from the very beginning of his reign) 'in *auctoritas* surpassed all others, but of actual powers (*potestas*) I had no more than my colleagues in each magistracy'—the very antithesis which Mr. Peters invites us to consider.

I mention this omission in no spirit of criticism of Mr. Peters (who might well reply that he is concerned with the present, not with the remote past), but because it seems an opportune occasion to point out that modern man may be missing a great deal in general philosophical enlightenment and practical understanding of affairs by no longer studying the history and institutions of Rome. In the past, our favoured classes, the future administrators, did study Roman history. If we now dared to add the study of the Hellenistic world, there indeed would be a unitary and completed civilization to meditate upon; a civilization providing many analogies to our modern world, but one which (not being involved in it ourselves) we could survey with detachment instead of through the confusions of modern political prejudices.

Why must we always make the task harder for ourselves by assuming that human beings never had the same or comparable problems before our time, and never possessed the ability or power to tackle them? This problem of the control of power and authority is one of the most conspicuous examples; but perhaps the most interesting question of all, in view of the history of the Roman emperors, is how those

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would-be controllers came to give up the struggle so quickly. How does a *successful* *Führer* (the ancients also called it *Hegemon*) come into being, and how can the process be detected in its early stages? It would seem that at present the professional Roman historians—not unintelligent body of persons—are hotly discussing these important topics in a closed world of their own.—Yours, etc.,

Belfast

K. M. T. ATKINSON

Destruction or Domination?

Sir,—Mr. Anthony Lejeune (THE LISTENER, January 29) claims that 'Communist morality puts international relations on quite a different basis from any which existed before, even between hostile countries'. Clearly this is an error, for Burke made a similar claim about the French revolutionary government. 'We are at war', he said in the first of his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, 'with a system, which, by its essence, is animical to all other governments, and which makes peace or war, as peace and war may best contribute to their subversion'.

I am sure that Mr. Lejeune would, after due reflection, agree that Burke's feelings were similar to his own. But would he also argue that Burke's uncompromising hostility to the regicide Directory would have been appropriate if nuclear weapons had existed in 1796? Would the probability of a world-wide Napoleonic empire have been worse than the risk of nuclear destruction?—Yours, etc.,

Belfast

GEOFFREY CARNALL

Robert Burns after 200 Years

Sir,—I am somewhat at a loss to understand Mr. Montgomerie's charge that I am 'mistaken' about *Auld Lang Syne*, since Mr. Montgomerie himself goes on to quote remarks by Burns which prove my point. I said that Burns never claimed the poem as his own, and Mr. Montgomerie's quotations prove me right. That much (though not all) of the song is almost certainly Burns's composition nevertheless can be shown

by a careful study of the existing earlier versions and of the different versions which Burns himself, at different times, claimed to be the true and best ones. I have done this in the extended study of the song in my book *Robert Burns*, to which I must refer Mr. Montgomerie.

As for the degree to which Mr. Burns 'restored' Scottish folk-song, of course he did not touch them all, but a study of what was available in eighteenth-century collections (e.g. David Herd's two volumes of 1776) and of the genteel words set by Edinburgh ladies and gentlemen to older Scottish airs, will show how much he did do. Mr. Montgomerie, as I remember from an excellent talk by him on Scottish ballads, is a purist in the matter of folk poetry and believes that any re-writing is vicious. But of course all folk poetry is constantly being revised and changed, and I cannot see why it is especially horrible to have the revision and changing done by a master hand. On this matter I agree with Mr. Matthew Hodgart, who points out in his book on the ballads (if I remember rightly) that ballads are of their very nature under a continual process of revision and it is a false romanticism to wish the process stopped at some hypothetical 'pure' folk stage. But I agree with Mr. Montgomerie that Burns did not work much with ballads: he concentrated on non-narrative folk poetry.

Finally, about Allan Ramsay: Mr. Montgomerie asks in what sense Ramsay is a pioneer. That is too big a question to answer in a letter, but if Mr. Montgomerie would do me the honour to read my chapter on eighteenth-century Scottish vernacular poetry in *Scottish Poetry: a Critical Survey* edited by James Kinsley, he will see the whole position as I interpret it set out at length. He will also see that I share his suspicion of Ramsay.—Yours, etc.,

Hardwick

DAVID DAICHES

The Church and the River

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of February 5 Mr. William Townsend has said many nice things

about Caudebec-en-Caux in northern Normandy. He has expressed his surprise that such a small town (about 2,200 inhabitants) had such a pretty church (built from 1426 to 1515). The reason is that, until the Revolution of 1789, Caudebec was the chief town of a *bailliage* (bailiwick). The former Dukedom of Normandy (later a *gouvernement*) had been divided, probably by Henry II Plantagenet, anyhow as early as the thirteenth century, between seven bailiwicks: Caudebec, Rouen, Gisors, Evreux, Alençon, Caen, Cotentin. The 'Revolutionaries' of 1789 united Caudebec to Rouen, and Gisors to Evreux, so that there are now only five *départements*. But Caudebec would have been, before 1789, considered by an Englishman as the equivalent of the chief town of a British county.

That bailiwick of Caudebec was divided between seven 'viscounties'; at the head of each viscounty was a 'lieutenant of the bailiff' or 'little-bailiff', the title of 'viscount' being reserved to noble (military) viscounts; these seven 'viscounties' were: Caudebec, Montivilliers, Le Havre, Longueville, Arques, Eu, and Neufchâtel-en-Bray.

Just because Arques was the chief town of a 'viscounty' (Dieppe was then called 'the harbour of Arques'), Arques has also a very pretty church (1515-1574); the other pretty churches of the former bailiwick of Caux are in fact former abbeys transformed in parish churches during the Revolution (the case of Montivilliers, Fécamp, Eu); while the churches of Caudebec and Arques were 'parish churches' from the beginning, but churches of important towns for administrative purposes until the Revolution.

The word 'Caudebec' comes from: *bec*=stream in Scandinavian-Norman; and *caux*=chau=chalk, the cliffs overlooking the Seine and also the sea being of chalk (as at Dover). The whole country is still called the *Pays de Caux* (land of chalk). The former bailiwick of Caudebec was called the *bailliage de Caux*, though it included also the *Pays de Bray* (Neufchâtel-en-Bray).—Yours, etc.,

Vaucottes,
Seine Maritime

MAX GILBERT

Authority and the Family

(continued from page 280)

intolerable intrusion into the private life of the individual. Perhaps; but we have it already—after marriages have broken down. We might well have to revise our attitudes to pre-marital sex-relations too; but maybe these need revision anyway.

These suggestions may sound rather fanciful; but my point is that if the family is to be rehabilitated it must be rationalized and stripped of much of the aura of muddled tradition and religiosity which still surrounds it. Its functions must be seriously thought about and marriage itself must be treated as a serious social institution that cannot be entered into in an exhilarated trance and terminated by scenes which are reminiscent of comic opera.

Others might argue that it is impossible to rehabilitate the family; for it would involve going against all the trends of the times towards mobility, easy interchange of homes and jobs, and larger-scale social groupings. We should

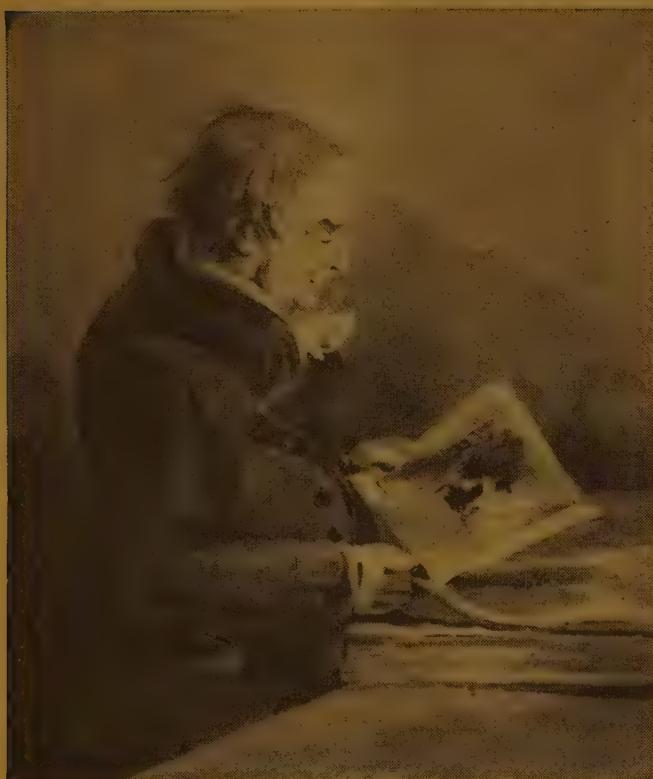
follow the pattern of America by making marriage easy to contract into and easy to contract out of. The state should provide homes for the aged, large-scale youth organizations for adolescents, and a universal extension of the nursery school. The process of the state taking over all the important functions of the family would then be completed. Married couples could enjoy sex and companionship together. The home would become a dormitory and the functions of the family would be in the hands of those specially qualified to discharge them.

These look like the logical alternatives. But whichever way things go there is a sobering thought which must go with us. This is that psychologists have established that it is in the early years that lasting attitudes to authority are laid down. While the family is in its present limbo of uncertainty it may well be that we are turning out adults who will have an even less clear and consistent attitude towards authority than we have ourselves, and who will be even less capable than their parents of raising children with a sane attitude towards authority. And so an insidious avalanche may be developing, gathering a ghastly momentum from generation to generation.

Ironically enough, the welfare state has largely been developed to eliminate avoidable suffering and injustice. But the very methods we have used to achieve this may have brought about unintended consequences which no one desired. We have on our hands new problems: broken homes, the aged, the adolescent, and the mentally ill. Social progress is rather like this, for it consists largely in bringing about new social problems by the ways in which we deal with old ones. It is only to be hoped that a fixation on past problems, together with the exigencies of defence and economic survival, will not lead us to avert our gaze from what is before our eyes.

—Third Programme

Round the London Art Galleries



Above: 'J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the Print Room of the British Museum', by J. T. Smith: from the eighty-sixth annual exhibition of water-colour drawings at Thomas Agnew and Sons, Ltd.

Right: 'Tintern Abbey: the transept' (1794): one of the water-colours by J. M. W. Turner which form part of the R. W. Lloyd Bequest on view (until February 15) in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum

Below: 'Portraits of Janet, one doing her hair' (1958), from the exhibition of new paintings by John Bratby at the Beaux Arts Gallery



The Listener's Book Chronicle

Walter Bagehot. By Norman St. John-
Stevas. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 36s.

Reviewed by SIR HERBERT READ

DR. ST. JOHN-STEVAS is a student of law and politics, and his presentation of this most-neglected of the great Victorians ('the greatest Victorian', G. M. Young called him) is biased in the direction of his own interests. The volume opens with a general essay of the life and thought of Bagehot, and is followed by specimens from Bagehot's writings which occupy about three times as much space. *The English Constitution* is given in full (more than 200 pages); there are short extracts from *Physics and Politics* and the *Letters on the French Coup d'Etat of 1851*; and there are essays or extracts from essays, on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, Gladstone and Disraeli.

Neither the literary criticism nor the economics is represented in this selection, yet of the literary criticism Dr. St. John-Stevas says, quite truly, that it is, 'in the strict sense of the word, unique'; and he pays full tribute to the originality of Bagehot's psychological approach to economics. The trouble is, of course, that Bagehot had a most complex range of interests, and it would be very difficult to make an anthology that would adequately represent them all. 'His uniqueness', as Dr. St. John-Stevas says, 'lay in this capacity to bridge the gulf between the practical and intellectual worlds, so that the opposing impulses in his character made for unity rather than division. The English mind is puzzled and therefore irritated by a polymath, and it is a tribute to Bagehot's integrity that he has suffered less condemnation on this ground than might have been expected, although it explains in part his underestimation.' But this underestimation may also be due to his lack of orthodox credentials—as a Unitarian he had been excluded from Oxford or Cambridge by the doctrinal tests, and had gone instead to University College—the *Godless* institution built a few years before on a disused rubbish-dump in Gower Street. But as Dr. St. John-Stevas suggests, this was probably to his advantage, for London 'was at this time more lively and intellectually stimulating than the unreformed ancient universities'.

Dr. St. John-Stevas, in his preliminary study, gives a short but perceptive account of Bagehot's life and character and then proceeds to summarize his political ideas, more particularly those that concerned the structure and working of the English constitution in all its aspects. Maybe this emphasis is historically justifiable—for example, by showing how the cabinet system *did* work, Bagehot made politicians aware of how it *should* work, and in this way he had considerable influence on the development of parliamentary government during the second half of the nineteenth century. But Bagehot was more than a system-maker: he was a liberal humanist, very conscious of 'the social and psychological prerequisites of free government'. Like his contemporary, Lord Acton, he

was acutely aware of the corrupting effects of power on individuals, and his aim was to secure a constitution that would work as smoothly as a well-oiled machine, and would need only rather stupid and harmless people to run it. His analysis, both of institutions and of people, is never pedantic; it always penetrates to human motives and takes into account irrational aspirations. In his fine essay on Bishop Butler he speaks of the intuitive conscience as a criticizing or regulative faculty, and this gift, which he attributed to Kant and Plato as well as to Butler, he himself possessed. Though Bagehot did not seek a supernatural sanction for his intuitive conscience, he was nevertheless, as Dr. St. John-Stevas points out, a deeply religious man. However, he remained a pragmatist, insisting on the test of experience; but experience itself is not enough. 'To a great experience one thing is essential, an experiencing nature'. This aphorism comes from his essay on Shakespeare, which characteristically is entitled 'Shakespeare—the Man', and is the clue to Bagehot's psychological point of view.

Bagehot did not waste his time on remote subjects—that is why an integration of his literary criticism and his political writings would have made his greatness plainer. His essay on Dickens, for example, is close to what we now call sociological criticism; the essay on Macaulay is a philosophy of history; and in the essay on Shelley and elsewhere there is a psychology of the creative spirit that continues Coleridge and leads to James and Bergson. Bagehot is the most generally stimulating mind in nineteenth-century English literature, and this study, even in its partiality, will serve to remind us of that fact.

The German Resistance. By Gerhard Ritter. Translated by R. T. Clark. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

Many of the Germans who sincerely opposed Hitler were excellent and lovable people. At the best they lived under a strain which was bound sooner or later to warp their judgment; at the worst they were subjected to pitiless torture and death. But it must be admitted that their German volubility drove their foreign friends to desperation and thereby doomed many of their plans to failure at the outset. The sub-title to Professor Ritter's book is 'Carl Goerdeler's Struggle against Tyranny', and in fact it is an account of Goerdeler's resistance, not of Germany's. Somehow it makes one think of all that high-minded talking that went on in the Paulskirche a century earlier, liberal in intention but nationalistic at its roots, and perhaps for this reason sterile.

It would be inhuman not to feel sympathy for Goerdeler, not to admire his persistence, not to feel profound pity for his final despair. It would be difficult not to be impressed by the lessons which he learnt from life; for Professor Ritter shows his readers that, far from holding inflexibly conservative views, Goerdeler came to appreciate the part which labour must play in the later twentieth century. Yet he accepted much of his inheritance with naïveté. When the

Germans were defeated in 1918 this inheritance prevented their acceptance of the fact that their opponents dictated terms to them, though wars are only fought because it has become impossible to come to terms without dictation; a short time before, the Germans had dictated terms at Brest-Litovsk. Goerdeler, at all events, could never forgive the Treaty of Versailles: admittedly he was a West Prussian whose birthplace it made into a frontier town. At one point Professor Ritter refers to Goerdeler's collaborators in the German Foreign Office, 'a group which was concerned to maintain the tradition' of the Wilhelmstrasse, a tradition with which, thanks to men like Bismarck and his son and Holstein and Bülow, it might have been better to break.

Reading the story of Carl Goerdeler the reader marvels that a man who discussed his ideas with so many people, and who wrote down so much, was able to avoid arrest in Hitler's Germany until August 1944. Rumour had it that he had continued to talk when in captivity; it is reassuring to learn from Professor Ritter, a fellow-prisoner for a time, that this talking was calculated, and did not imperil his friends. Long before, he had wished to try to talk Hitler into sense. And it appears that almost to the last he believed that, by expounding his ideas and describing his foreign connexions, he might be released by Himmler, or even by Hitler himself, in order to be sent as an emissary to discuss a settlement with the triumphant Allies. It seems extraordinary that he could have nursed this idea for so long. And it seems pardonable that his friends in other countries were afraid to respond at all positively to his proposals. As for his friends in Germany one cannot but sympathize with the anxiety which he caused them, not least perhaps to the admirable Robert Bosch, well known in the world of industry, who supplied Goerdeler generously with funds, and who seems to have maintained the silence of which Goerdeler was so singularly incapable.

The translation and compression of Professor Ritter's book to less German proportions must have set Mr. Clark a formidable task. It is not altogether surprising that the English text retains a teutonic flavour. But it is unfortunate that there are several misprints, such for instance as the mis-spelling of Martin Mutschmann (both on page eighty-two and in the index), the notorious Gauleiter of Saxony.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

City Life in Japan: A Study of a Tokyo Ward. By R. P. Dore. Routledge. £2. 5s.

The aim of this massive book (nearly 500 pages) is to give an idea of what it is like to be a Japanese living in Tokyo, and in order to keep his survey within reasonable proportions the author has limited his account to the description of a single neighbourhood not far from the centre of the city. His findings are based, for the most part, on questionnaires and interviews (carried out on his behalf by student helpers) conducted with the members of some three hundred families.

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The survey contains an immense amount of information, much of it trivial and indeed platitudinous. It is, for instance, surely obvious that 'a good university degree and the ability to do well in the entrance examination for the civil service or a private company offer a fairly sure means of entry into a good job. These plus the eight personal connexions offer an absolutely certain one', a state of affairs not peculiar to Japan or indeed to any other country. Nor (Appendix 2: Household Expenditure) does it greatly help in one's understanding of the Japanese to know what the average housewife spends each week on vegetables, bean curds and pickles, or what you will. It seems that the author has been unwilling to sacrifice any slight scrap of information. Nevertheless, on some important subjects he has little or nothing to say. Sex, for instance, which in my experience plays an extremely important part in the lives of Japanese of all classes, is only mentioned *en passant*.

The worst fault of this book, is, however, the horrible jargon in which much of it is written. Thus, in summing up his findings, Mr. Dore comes to the not very original but nevertheless correct conclusion that Japanese society has for some time been in a state of flux, and is indeed still changing. What he actually writes is this:

These then are some of the factors which must be taken into account in considering the values and aspirations of Shitayama-cho—a high official evaluation of ambitious striving in the Meiji period catalysing tendencies already present in the status society of Tokugawa times, a soft-pedalling of this motif in the twentieth century as a new capitalist class system solidified, as the routes of entry into the élite classes became formalized in a way which put a greater premium on parental wealth, and as the opportunities to make good in industry declined.

It is surely unnecessary for a sociological work to be written as dully as this; indeed Dr. Morris Carstairs, in *The Twice Born*, has proved that a serious scientific study can be at the same time of considerable literary value. There is plenty of evidence in Mr. Dore's book to show that he has a good knowledge of the Japanese language, but one also gets a strong impression that he is not really interested in people, but only in facts about them: as here described the Japanese emerge, not as human beings but more like puppets in the Bunraku doll-theatre. The ordinary reader would learn more about Japanese life from the works of Lafcadio Hearn, which, despite their undoubtedly over-sentimentality, do at least touch the heart of the matter. Or, for something more modern, recomment the novels and stories of William Gomer and Junichiro Tanizaki. Many of the latter are now available in translation.

JOHN MORRIS

Religious Behaviour. By Michael Argyle.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

This book, as the author makes thoroughly clear at the outset, has nothing to do with the truth or falsity of religious belief. Its purpose is twofold: first, to enquire what kind of person practises what kind of religion in what kind of circumstances; and, second, to test, by the answers obtained, the validity of various psychological theories about religion. Its findings therefore, in the author's opinion, should be equally useful to religious and to anti-religious

propagandists, since those who wish to promote religious behaviour can devote themselves to creating the conditions in which religion is found to flourish, while 'others can do the opposite'. Nevertheless, the unspoken first premise—that religious belief, unlike its scientific counterpart, must be accounted for by some psychological process other than valid intellectual conviction of its truth—seems to weight the scales on the side of those 'anti'.

Mr. Argyle does not himself contribute fresh evidence to this discussion. His method is to review the—now very considerable—body of research on the subject that has been carried out by British and American psychologists; and to base his conclusions on this. In principle there is much to be said for this method; the observations of social scientists on this topic, as on many others, are now so numerous and so scattered that it is more than time that someone tried to see what they all add up to. But to make a success of so highly condensed a survey as that contained in this book is no easy task. In these pages all that the reader is given is a succession of extremely brief summaries of the results of various investigations, without any opportunity to judge of the methods by which those results were reached. The reliability of those methods has, in fact, to be taken on trust, although in the present state of the social sciences this act of faith is sadly premature. And the results themselves are not even always unambiguously expressed. Many of his tables in this book, in particular, are far from self-explanatory.

Undoubtedly, in order to present his evidence adequately Mr. Argyle would have had to write a book twice the length of this one. Had he done so, however, he might have avoided another, though minor, drawback to the plan which he has in fact adopted—namely, the extreme difficulty of making potted second-hand research readable: as it is, the book could hardly fail to be dully written. Yet even within its limitations, its author might have given a little more thought to the question of whom he was writing for. For example, on page fifteen he explains in simple terms what is meant by statistical significance. Since his professional colleagues will know this already, presumably the book is addressed to the layman. Turn over the page, however, and, without warning or explanation of the terms employed, you meet this: 'The "t" test (Snedecor, 1946, p.75f) is generally used when equal measurement units are involved, otherwise various non-parametric methods are available (Smith, 1953)'.

However, no criticism of Mr. Argyle's treatment of his data can obscure the success with which in his final chapter he has demolished some of the more popular contemporary theories of religion. Religious behaviour, he finds, cannot be due to economic and status frustrations, otherwise the lower classes would be more devout than their social superiors: which they are not. It cannot be due, except in the case of widows (widowers are not mentioned), to the need for company, otherwise people would not bother to say private prayers. Conceivably, it might be due to sexual frustration: religious people do, apparently, have a relatively low level of sexual activity; but then that might be because some of the churches discourage sexuality, or because people whose sexual activity is in any case reduced for quite other reasons tend to become religious. And so on—through

theories of religion as a relief for conflicts with the super-ego, as an escape for guilt feelings, as providing a fantasy father-figure or the comfort of obsessional rituals, or easy solutions for teasing intellectual difficulties. Of all these it might well be said, as Mr. Argyle himself has remarked of the psychoanalytic versions, that they 'make good reading . . . but there is no evidence whatever that they are correct'. Indeed, the main impression left on one reader by Mr. Argyle's study is that such evidence never could be forthcoming, not even with the aid of the most highly developed research techniques; and that it is a waste of time even to look for the causes or for explanations of phenomena as complex as those of religious behaviour. There are always too many possible alternative explanations of everything.

WOOTTON

The Stuarts. By J. P. Kenyon.

Batsford. 25s.

A motto for this forthright book might be 'whatever it is, I'm against it'. Dr. Kenyon, who has strong views, finds little to his taste in the Stuarts and is bored by current academic squabbles about their subjects. To distract himself—and us—he puts on a brilliant display of fireworks. His great set pieces, brutal, impressionistic portraits of the Stuart rulers, are exciting but some of the squibs he throws into the crowd fail to 'go off'. The Stuart gentry—selfish, ignorant, quarrelsome—have been 'taken too seriously by most modern commentators', but were apparently not taken seriously enough by James I. Oliver Cromwell is dismissed as messianic, a suggestion of craziness that serves to justify a determination not to come to grips with his career. The astonishing events of the sixteen-fifties are thrown out with him and we are left free to imagine the process that brought Charles II back in 1660. Clarendon, like Pym, a misty-minded squire ('squire' is for Dr. Kenyon a term of abuse), showed himself incapable of appreciating 'the complex economic and social problems' of his age. This is a defect he may be thought to share with Dr. Kenyon who, after a few large observations in an introductory chapter, tends to leave them severely alone.

Professor William Haller gets a good mark for 'a learned and beautifully written account of Puritanism as a religious and ethical phenomenon', and his work is recommended 'for further reading'—appropriately enough, for it has left no impress on Dr. Kenyon's own pages. The fact that Puritanism 'has yet to be studied as a political movement' does not discourage him from making some sweeping and, to be fair, thought-provoking generalisations about it. Religion, we are told, was never a live issue, and certainly dead in 1641. Unfortunately, even on Dr. Kenyon's own showing, it would not lie down.

Little is said in these pungent pages of the intellectual and artistic achievements of a remarkable age and no one coming fresh to the period will learn that the seventeenth century was a formative period in the history of the British Empire. Yet these were developments in which the Stuarts, and poor, confused Oliver, too, were closely concerned. The treatment of the latter part of the century, where the searching biographer of Sunderland might be thought to be most at home, is disappointing. The

character studies of the monarchs are, if anything, more devastating, that of Anne, particularly, being scored by an almost feminine spitefulness, but the narrative sometimes degenerates into a hectic gallop through the faction feuds of the period. It is a muddy tale, thick with snap-judgments, usually disparaging, on the principal actors, and Dr. Kenyon does not spare himself in his anxiety to tear every vestige of glory from the revolution of 1688-89. After nearly a hundred pages of this sort of thing it is startling and refreshing to find Archbishop Bancroft characterized in the simple epithet 'saintly'.

Dr. Kenyon is young enough still to take delight in shocking and it would be ungenerous to fail to respond. His superbly illustrated book is unfair, perverse, slap-dash, but it is also intelligent and alive-and-kicking. Some of the kicks find exact targets and must be very painful. A measure of their quality may be taken by comparing any one of Dr. Kenyon's pages with Sir Charles Petrie's recent work of piety bearing the same title.

IVAN ROOTS

On the Track of Unknown Animals
By B. Heuvelmans. Hart-Davis. 35s.
Out of Noah's Ark. By H. Wendt.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

The perennial popularity of 'who-dunits', and of stage thrillers is witness to mankind's universal love of a mystery and of tales to make the flesh creep. Travellers' stories of weird animals and natural marvels have been eagerly swallowed from time immemorial to the present day. Both these books deal largely with such yarns. The author of the first has ransacked a vast volume of literature in search of mysterious animals and has compiled an amusing account of many 'unknown' species, but he is uncritically eager to accept vague stories as proved fact. His pleading is not helped by the sneers that he and the writer of the introduction indulge in about the sceptical attitude of scientists to many of these tales, or by quoting in support the discovery of many interesting creatures new to science in the last century or so. Every zoologist is delighted whenever a hitherto unknown animal is found, as is shown by the intense interest aroused in biologists all over the world by Professor Millot's researches on the coelacanth fish *Latimeria*. But Professor Millot had specimens and photographs of *Latimeria*, not hazy rumours.

Dr. Heuvelmans devotes many pages to discussing the 'abominable snow-man', but no amount of argument based on second-hand stories, and dried fragments of skin in Tibetan monasteries, brings us any nearer to knowing what made those peculiar marks in the snows of the Himalayas. All zoologists would welcome one shred of evidence that would throw some light on the identity of the *yeti* or whatever it is that leaves those tracks, but until it is produced special pleading seems a waste of time. The scientist does not deny that the *yeti*, or many another as yet unknown creature, may exist, but he does rightly demand that some evidence that would at least pass muster in court be produced to show what they may be. And when we have some evidence about mysterious creatures what do we find? A photograph purporting to show the corpse of an

anthropoid ape from South America; one glance at it reveals the 'ape' as a platyrhine primate closely related to the spider monkeys. The creature is alleged to be of great size, but there is nothing in the photograph to give the scale—the corpse is said to be sitting on a kerosene crate, the well-known wooden container for two tins of 'case oil', yet there is nothing to show that it is any larger than a cigar box. Quite possibly there is a large undescribed species of spider monkey in the forests of South America, but if its slayer does not trouble even to bring home a few of its teeth he can scarcely complain that it is impossible to describe it scientifically or give it a scientific name. And so on through over 500 pages—all very amusing and interesting, like the rest of *Cloud Cuckoo Land*; the book will doubtless fascinate an uninformed and credulous public.

In the second book Herbert Wendt deals with the same theme, but in a very different manner. He reviews the history of zoological discovery, and shows that there is no need to invent marvels, for the real animals that live or have lived are far more interesting and astonishing than fabulous monsters. Every zoologist knows that there is a vast number of animals from protozoa to mammals yet to be 'discovered' and described scientifically—many hundreds are so described every year. The recent discovery of *Neopilina*, unpublicised in the popular press because unspectacular, is scientifically quite as important as that of the coelacanth. Wendt also discusses the 'snow-man', the South American 'ape', and other mysteries. He gives both sides of each case impartially, and the reader can draw his own conclusions. They will probably be that many interesting creatures await discovery, but until they are found it is a waste of time to argue about their probable identity from unsatisfactory fragments of unreliable evidence.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

Evelyn Waugh: Portrait of an Artist
By Frederick J. Stopp.
Chapman and Hall. 21s.

It was time for a book about Evelyn Waugh. His reputation has been yawning through a trough much like the one which until lately becalmed Hemingway's: an ebb of favour owing more, one suspects, to hostile press and *Zeitgeist* than to any real critical re-estimate. The same shrill incoherence distinguished the hues-and-cries after Waugh's *Halberdier* volumes and *Across the River and into the Trees*. Two major novelists had made major attempts to render the two major experiences to overtake their generation: war and middle age. Both were denounced as middle-aged and bellicose—in an established writer, any development is criminal; but even more than the changes in their work, critics seemed to resent the consistency. Both were attacked with sudden violence for what, through years of praise, they had always been. Reviewers discovered with surprised revulsion that Hemingway is a stoic anarchist who likes wine, courage, blood-sports, and male company; with shocked distaste, that Waugh is a Catholic conservative who prizes lineage, country houses, courage, and wine.

It is twenty years, after all, since Evelyn Waugh warned readers of *Robbery Under Law* that he believed in classes, authority, and the

organization of mankind by tribal and historical loyalties:

that man is by nature an exile, and will never be self-sufficient or complete upon this earth; . . . that the balance of good and evil tends to revert to a norm; that sudden changes of physical condition are usually ill, and are advocated by the wrong people for the wrong reasons.

You can find the bones there of most of his comic plots, as well as of his wry self-cartoon, *Pinfold*. In that haunted squire's image, Waugh finally managed to impose his own—to express a character set and self-aware beyond apology, to be left or taken; and in the New Elizabethan renaissance of Bentleys, débutantes, and panel-game peers, he seemed a harmless, even a Quixotic figure. It was the strategic moment for someone to do what Mr. Stopp has done: to offer a full-length study of Waugh so far, reconsidering his whole development.

Mr. Stopp makes, on the whole, a thoughtful and telling job of it. A dank air of official authorization hangs over his opening biographical chapters, leaden with the kind of cautious funerary prose John Marquand parodied in *The Late George Apley*. But even here Mr. Stopp selects intelligently among the facts, dwelling on the ethos of the Corpse Club at Lancing, which Waugh led in unenthusiasm with Roger Fulford and Tom Driberg, as well as of the 'twenties Oxford where he met Peter Quennell, Cyril Connolly, and Anthony Powell. And, once free of biography, he launches on some trenchant and original criticism. Admirers may find his appreciation of Waugh's more hypodermic humour respectful rather than hilarious. But at least this prevents him from over-praising early Waugh at the expense of late. It is a relief to find a critic who tries to do justice to Waugh as a whole.

For the main achievement of the book is to show that Waugh's career has been a unity, the later work being used retrospectively almost in Yeats's fashion to frame and reinforce the earlier. From *Pennyfeather* to *Scott-King*, Mr. Stopp points out, the Waugh heroes have all made the same voyage into the chaos of the modern world, and started from the same kind of sheltered innocence. In *Brideshead*, the shelter merely became the centre of the picture instead of the frame: the icy basins, draughty Pugil halls, and dying servitors of the great Victorian country house. This, whether used for prep-school or for residence, has always symbolized the damaged order from which, Waugh considers, the entire twentieth century has been a nightmare aberration; a nightmare, however, which even a collapsed *Pinfold* may find an invigorating challenge, and conquer in foray, on the very terms of its own nightmare logic. In the *Halberdier* novels, the nightmare and the challenge merely become real, not fundamentally different from those in *Vile Bodies*. It seems curious that the novels in which Mr. Waugh's private bad dream became that of most of the world should be his least admired. But perhaps the time has come when that will change. Mr. Stopp has successfully scotched the myth of the two Waughs: Jack, the brilliant, urbane satirist who perished in the war, and Ernest, the discontented bucolic moralist who succeeded him. He may even be able to kill the faint hope in many hearts that the former has merely gone Bunburying.

RONALD BRYDEN

Who are the women behind the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN?



The woman on the left is against. Practically everything. Particularly the *Manchester Guardian*, which is often wildly for. As she reads it she grows againster and againster. Pretty soon she will raise that well-oiled hockey stick and knock down the editor, who will thus join a select company which includes a Grenadier Guardsman, Great-uncle Charles, and two Cabinet ministers.

In the centre is the Hon. Felicity Sparks, who is a model. She is usually to be found wearing pale grey clothes in pale grey photographs. Her cheekbones are high, her brow is low. The photographer, however, thought it would be an amusingly colourful idea to stand the pale grey Miss Sparks behind the pale pink *Manchester Guardian*. Alas, she herself reads only papers in which pictures outnumber the words.

The woman on the right is a beautiful, kind, wise, witty, cultured mother of three children. She is also an economist, and therefore sees the good sense of buying the *Guardian*, which for three pence a day provides her with paper for wiping the omelette-pan, and for giving to the children to make cocked hats. The *Manchester Guardian*, moreover, has another interesting feature which is provided at no extra cost: the staff take pains to write it so accurately, intelligently, and amusingly that it is actually quite a pleasure to read it before you wipe the floor with it.



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The Homeless

DISPLACED PERSONS—it is a colourless official phrase; but it stands for thousands of war victims whose continuing misery and homelessness must stir the conscience of us all. Most of us vaguely feel that these people's resettlement (another impersonal alibi-word) is a problem for governments or the United Nations. But one English schoolteacher, Joyce Pearce, didn't wait for the governments. With almost no money, but much faith, she started a scheme—'The Ockenden Venture'—to rescue some of the children of these families and educate them in England. Tuesday's Outside Broadcast about her work—'It Happened to Me'—was one of the most real and moving television programmes I have seen. At Donington, one of Miss Pearce's schools, we met a Latvian girl, brought over when she was fourteen. Now she is a student at Nottingham University; her mother is still in a camp; her

rescue the whole family. The programme ended in Lübeck with a child looking out of the window across the desolate camp area into the freezing European night—to what future?

And here in Britain our second largest city, Glasgow, continues its own struggle to find new homes and a new start for thousands of its citizens who for years—sometimes generations—have lived in some of the worst slums in western Europe. Six years ago Robert Reid reported the grim facts for B.B.C. television: rat-infested back-courts, dirt and darkness, whole families living in single rooms with no bathrooms and shared lavatories. In Friday's 'Second Enquiry' he went back there to see what progress had been made. Some families had been lucky: the Malcolms, for instance, now had a four-roomed council house with kitchen and bathroom. But their old home, a single room in French street, was still there, and still lived in, and already breaking the spirit of another young couple. Much rebuilding has of course been done, particularly in the black centre of the city; but meanwhile the waiting list for houses has more

than kept pace with the new homes. Many families have moved out altogether, either to new towns on the city's periphery, like East Kilbride; or to under-populated country burghs like Haddington which have signed 'overspill' agreements with Glasgow. This programme didn't mince matters: years of neglect have created a colossal problem; it may be twenty years before Glasgow clears the last of its tenements. But one felt it would be done; and that this time the citizens of this, 'no mean city', will not have to leave Britain as their fathers did to find a decent life, but will receive their birthright in their own country.

A new series on the current cinema began on Thursday with a look round at the



'Second Enquiry—New Lives for Old' on February 6: a child in a Glasgow slum, and (below) a new playground in the Gorbals

father died there. During the broadcast Miss Pearce herself arrived with a fresh van-load of children; it was late, and she looked tired, but her tiredness vanished as her children crowded round her.

Then we went over—this was still 'live'—to Lübeck to visit one of these camps. We met the parents of a Polish boy now in Donington. Radio linked them; at first the boy spoke in halting English, as though out of politeness to us, but then his mother broke spontaneously into Polish and they forgot us and were a family joyfully, if temporarily, united. Perhaps soon they will be united in the flesh, and permanently, in Canada, once their son starts to earn his living. For the parents are mostly too ill to work and no country wants them. Only their children can support them; so by rescuing the children the Ockenden Venture may



'It Happened to Me—The Ockenden Venture', on February 3: Sarmite (kneeling), a Latvian girl, playing with children at Donington

John Cure

Italian film industry. Although in Italy, as elsewhere, there has been a falling-off of audiences in the last few years, things are picking up again; the cinema is tremendously popular; television has stimulated it, put it on its mettle and given it new ideas. The most popular Italian films at present are either spectacular and expensive 'international co-productions', like *La Tempesta*, or indigenous blends of real life and fantasy, in which the influence of neo-realism continues to be felt. We saw excerpts from both sorts, and met Giulietta Masina, Alberto Lattuada, Fellini, and others. All agreed that good ideas and good scripts were what mattered most. To judge from what we saw, there is no shortage of either in *Cinecitta*. I look forward to the rest of this series: but wouldn't it be possible to give, at the end of each programme, the names of the films from which excerpts were made and the artists interviewed?

'Panorama' followed up its interview with Colonel Nasser the previous week with a film report on Cairo as the centre (hotbed?) of Afro-Asian solidarity (communism?). Communism also cropped up, more unexpectedly, in the interview with Dr. Adenauer, who blamed it, somewhat speciously I thought, for certain recent anti-semitic outbursts in the Federal Republic. The opening item was a rush job on the Government's White Paper on penal reform, with the Home Secretary himself there to answer—indeed positively welcome—criticisms. The most outspoken came from Tom Fallon, who called it a pathetic document and came out with fighting if rather catchpenny words: 'Never mind reforming the criminal, let's put down crime'. But it would take more than that to shake Mr. Butler: he didn't even mind being asked about the prison lavatories.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

All Over the Place

RECENT ACTUALITIES at sea gave a tragically topical point to C. S. Abraham's *Ice Blink* (February 3). We spent an hour with a crew at sea among icebergs and fog. It was, of course, a fair bet that the ship would get out of its dangers and that the survivors of a sister vessel, which didn't survive, would be rescued. But there was suspense amid what Shakespeare called 'the thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice'. (In his day the word 'thrill' had not been worked to death and really did mean a shiver down the spine).

Mr. Abraham certainly laid on the atmosphere of disaster. The Captain, with a glazed look, was 'on his way out', as we say. The First

Officer, who took over, had a neurosis of his own. Fortunately the Second Officer was cool and firm as a block of ice and helped his superior to make the vital and daring navigational decisions.

The performances of these two roles by Philip Latham and Barry Letts were in excellent contrast, and the Third Officer, played by Ian Keill, was authentic in the anxieties and endurance of youth during perilous hours. But it was very much a producer's piece and a producer's victory for Vivian Daniels, working in the North of England studio.

Here was something that the theatre could not do, something essentially televisual. The atmosphere of nautical close-quarters would have been lost on an open stage and the dangers of the night could never have been so vividly established. We moved from radar-screen to the wheel, from wireless-room to deck, always with a sense of confinement, always with the darkness and the noises of the nerve-racking night. One realized the part that scientific apparatus plays in the seamanship of today, and realized also, with a shudder, that the sea itself, with its scattering of mostly submerged icebergs, is putting up its own terrifying resistance to man's efforts to master it with his gadgets. It made a moving and memorable hour.

And so to land-animals, Australian. The Selways of *The Exiles* are still marching down their decades. In the third episode of *The Exiles*, called *The Lost Years* (February 8) we reached 1938, having begun our trek in 1873. Grandfather, who must be in his eighties, has clung to his grazing lands at Billabilla, despite the great depression and wool at eightpence a pound; he has also, with Oliver Johnston now his spokesman, clung to his Yorkshire accent.

The Grandmother, with Irish accent unchanged, has gone, but the daughter Nell, a lost sheep, if one can call a human being a sheep in Billabilla, has returned to the fold. We are left with dark forebodings as to the chances of the grandson David in the war to come.

Lynn Foster's family saga holds the attention sufficiently without exerting the magnetic power

that would make one feel it to be a 'must' on the following Sunday. The production establishes no compulsion; we hear about Australia's history, but I never feel that I am really there. The sequences often drag on a little too long: a sharp cut would have been helpful from time to time. The best feature of the last instalment was the acting of Barry Foster as a new Selway youngster.

The Trollope serial, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, adapted by Peter Black, is traipsing steadily along on its ecclesiastical course, with Stephen Harrison as its directive guide. The second section (February 6) sent poor Mr. Crawley (Hugh Burden) on a very long tramp to an unpleasant encounter whose result one awaits with proper expectancy. Is the half-hour instalment long enough for serials of this kind? I fancy that all



'Ice Blink' on February 3, with (left to right, in front) Philip Latham as First Officer Furlong, Fred Johnson as Captain Thor, Barry Letts as Second Officer Eifor Prentiss, and (at back) David Crane as the Second Quartermaster



The Ballet de Silvia Ivars, seen in 'A to Z' on February 4

parties would be much helped by a forty-minute allowance: with a big cast the players cannot, with brief, intermittent appearances, establish themselves. Except for Mr. Crawley, they are doing their best to become real people without a real chance. The acting is good enough to deserve the extra time and fuller opportunity.

The Nightwatchman's Stories began as rather a feeble series; the once famous yarns of W. W. Jacobs must have owed much to his way of telling them, which makes things hard for the camera. But *The Constable's Move* (February 4) proved to have at least the virtue of vigour. Meredith Edwards and Leslie Dwyer had a good set-to as a Welsh policeman and an English tough. It was as robust as a rugger match at Twickenham or Cardiff. Wales won. And so, for once, did W. W. Jacobs score a few points.



Tony Hancock (left) and Sidney James applying for a home help at a domestic agency in 'Hancock's Half-Hour' on February 6

Emlyn Williams gave a delightful impersonation of Dylan Thomas as a boy and of the elders around him in *The Fight* (February 5). The sap of life bubbling in the young was wonderfully frozen in their seniors; here was 'one-man theatre' in a most versatile, as well as vivid, form.

Hancock's Half-Hour sustains a glorious level of comedy. The comedian's last distress (February 6) was in the hiring of an Italian 'help'. The dialogue of these sketches is racy London stuff, avoids the obvious quip, and is delivered to perfection by Hancock himself and Sidney James. Friday the thirteenth is the next occasion, but viewers are likely to be lucky.

IVOR BROWN

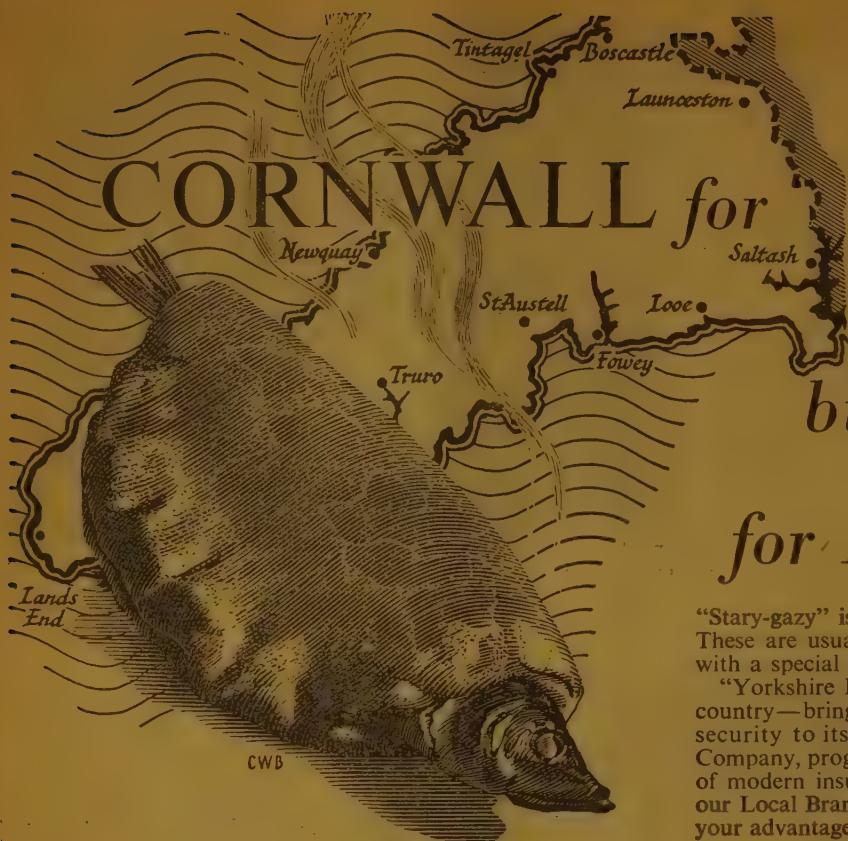
Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Fantasy and Burlesque

THE FANTASY play *The Unknown Woman of Arras* by Armand Salacrou is a play to remember when one is arguing that radio writing has influenced the stage. It was translated by Mr. Robert Baldick and produced and adapted by Mr. Frederick Bradnum. Though it owed success to the production, the adaptation to sound broadcasting was easily the least of Mr. Bradnum's chores. The play had all the swift changes of scene, the jumbling of times remembered, and the rapidity of a radio play. M. Salacrou, starting from the legend that a drowning man sees his past life flit before him, makes a thirty-five-year-old Frenchman dubiously named Ulysses (Mr. Howard Marion-Crawford) see his past life at the moment of suicide.

The play begins with a stage situation. Ulysses's wife Yolande is discovered to be unfaithful and he shoots himself. Radio techniques then take over and the body of the dying man takes part in a series of scenes with people from his past life. He meets his young grandfather who died in battle at the age of twenty. His best friend, Max, appears at the age of twenty



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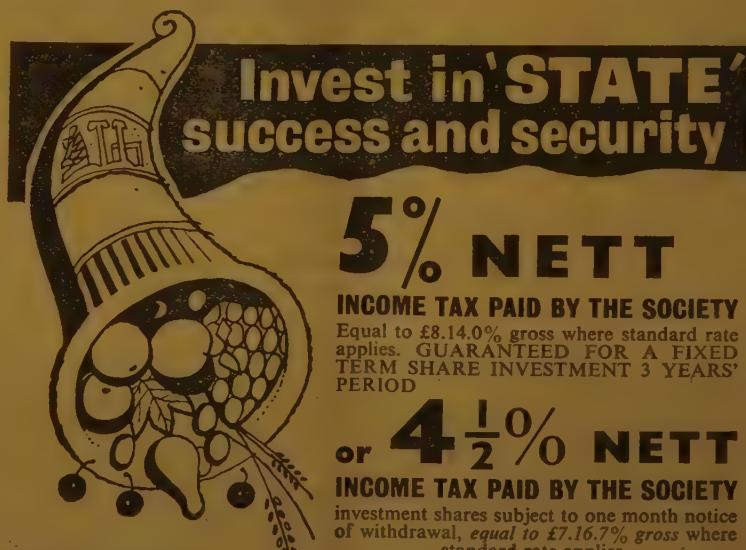
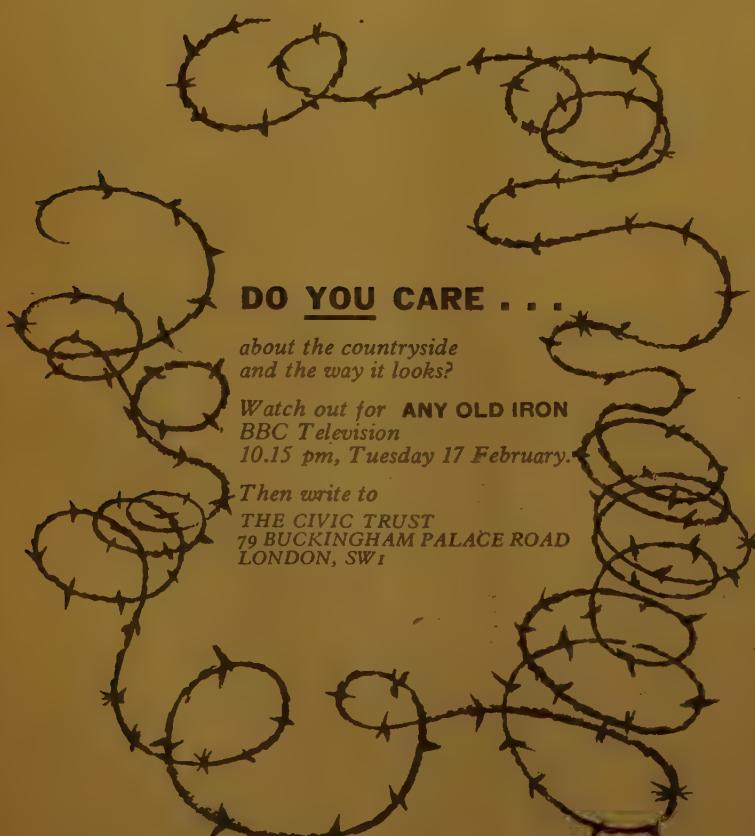
"Stary-gazy" is the Cornish word for fish pie or pastry. These are usually made from whole pilchards covered with a special pastry and are a well known local dish.

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Mr. Leslie Heritage) and at the age of thirty-seven (Mr. Frank Windsor). His manservant, Nicholas (Mr. James Thomason), provides the audience with a link to this fantasy. All the women in Ulysses's life are brought back to him to taunt him with his cruelty, his forgetfulness, and his insincerities. Among these women there is one unknown whom he once met during the first world war in Arras. His relationship with her is conceived as the one true love because it never came to a conclusion.

The wit inherent in the play's scheme and the often sharp dialogue gives an impression of comedy. But the impression that this play is one more in the French tradition of cuckold love is overcome by Salacrou's use of fantasy and his sense of tragedy. Ulysses is given the opportunity to regret all his lost chances and his petty unkindnesses. M. Salacrou, moving in the vein now being explored by M. Ionesco, considers that our little crimes are our worst ones. When the play ends with the shot of suicide repeated one is left intentionally with the feeling that not everything has been tied up and that Ulysses's crimes are our own too.

There is nothing so annoying as the man who tells you that he has a joke that will make you laugh. The burlesque version of *Hamlet, Fratricide Punished* was introduced and announced as if it were as funny as *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. On a stage, where the actors might ham their lines in a saturnalian production of this actor's version of *Hamlet*, the effect might well be funny. But when the ear is the only judge a play like this fails. Perhaps it is funny that the story of Hamlet should be introduced by three Furies who suggest the witches in *Macbeth*. It is however funny only in the sense that one laughs because one knows better. *Fratricide Punished*, whatever its origins, was not written as a burlesque. Whether it was a German folk version or a hurriedly contrived piece knocked together by travelling English actors, it was intended to be taken as seriously as the Victorians took their melodrama. Making it sound funny, because we know so much better, does not do the play any service at all.

To produce the play is of course of value. The play of *Hamlet* reduced to the intellectual scope of contemporary actors brings out certain very interesting points. Lacking a psychological approach the compilers of this play make Hamlet much less introspective. His madness, to the actors of the sixteen-hundreds, was contrived entirely. Ophelia, too, is a less laboured study, and there was the feeling that contemporaries of the playwright read far less into the original than subsequent scholars have done. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre who acted the piece with feeling are to produce *Hamlet* on the stage, and it may be that the play will gain much from this preliminary study.

Mention of M. Salacrou's indebtedness to radio techniques and the fact that the play was translated reminds me that I once wrote of the shortage of foreign radio plays in the schedules.

I have since discovered that the drama department was considering a season of such plays at the time at which I wrote. The Radio Italia prize has provoked an improvement in radio writing abroad and the fruits of this improvement will be heard next autumn.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Tones of Voice

OUTSTANDING PROGRAMMES this week have been devoted to all the shades of remembering, reminiscence, and commemoration, starting off on Sunday (Home) with the first of a new series, *The Days Of Our Years*. This, on 'The Pattern Of Childhood' (produced by Stanley Williamson from recordings by Ronald Lloyd),

proved to be one of those admirable, un/commented features in which the theme is the only unity, and the voices speak for themselves. We were given every variety of childhood, from the nanny-haunted—'If I jumped about in the nursery, she told me I was dancing on a Sunday'—to the sad odyssey of slum rooms, cottage 'omes and reform school that emerged from the voice, hard, resigned, but human ('Me mother was only sixteen when ah was born') which provided a sort of ground-bass to the whole. If the rest of this series proves as good, it should give us a perfect sample of what radio, and no other medium, can do to convey the music of men's lives, and the endless variety of human speech.

Apresos of the latter, I must pause a moment to mention a talk (in the Third) by Neil Burgess, an Australian, on the mystery of the Australian accent, where it came from, and how it established its uniformity. He was (rightly, I think) defensive against the idea that it was simply a derivation of cockney. There are traces of other dialects in it. But why did it spread over a whole continent with such sameness? Is it a sort of instinct, on the part of human speech, to consolidate itself in a new terrain, and, having done so, will it proceed to differentiate? Is the variety of accent, for instance in the American voices we hear, on the increase?

Another programme of remembering, last Monday, was devoted to two sisters, Miss Judge and Mrs. Van Doren, now eightyish, who in their time have traversed the world from New York to Siberia. This was not without charm, but Anthony Jacobs's commentary seemed to me to give it the wrong emphasis. The real point lay in the slightness, the incongruity of the sisters' memories compared with the vastness of the events (the Russian Revolution, the war) in which they were involved. A false importance kept coming in, for instance with the mention of Rasputin, but the personal glimpse of that doom-laden figure proved to be—no more than a glimpse. Given a let-it-alone policy, the material would have found its own focus.

Could any two figures in the lettered history of these islands be more remote from each other than Burns and Galsworthy? We were given portraits of each in turn, last Tuesday and Wednesday. Hugh MacDiarmid's programme proved a lively, aggressive, unequal affair. Why, since he was setting out to sort myth from fact, did he perpetuate the old one about Burns being the author of 'Auld Lang Syne'? We owe its preservation, as of finer things like the ballad of John Barleycorn, to Burns. But Mr. MacDiarmid, of all people, should have been able to separate the poet from the collector. There were devastating accounts of the solemn japes at previous centenaries. And the piece was ornamented with seriously meant recitals of 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and other poems, given with all the torturing eloquence of the local elocutionist, with the equivalent of an ogle, or a kick in the ribs, in every other line. Having put in a recent plea for some degree of dramatic identification in the speaking of verse, I must add that this kind of randy exploitation is not what I meant at all.

Like the private life of its subject, the programme on Galsworthy ran along on oiled wheels. Narrative connexions were kept to a minimum, and irony remained implicit. A marvellously rounded portrait emerged of this paladin of philanthropy, of 'pure English blood', who 'inherited one fortune and made another', who thought horses the most beautiful things in the world, preferred to wear a monocle when out riding, always gave his dog the best cushion, and 'seemed to draw strength' from a few minutes' nightly communion with the stars before going to bed. The tone of contributions, from chauffeur, housekeeper, relatives, was one of hushed and grateful reverence—nicely

touched off by a not quite so awe-struck note from Galsworthy's fellow-writer, St. John Ervine. Production, perfectly calculated, was by R. E. Keen.

Another paladin, Victor Gollancz, fared not nearly so well at the hands of his questioners in this week's 'Frankly Speaking'. 'D'you think you're a good employer? What d'you eat for breakfast?' Faced with such a Jack-in-the-box interrogatory, whose reactions could be other than blurred? A variation of tone and technique is called for, to save this entertaining series from falling into parody.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Fine Fare

EACH FRESH HEARING of Berg's Violin Concerto strengthens the conviction that it is a masterpiece of the kind that demands our closest attention, our most intense, dedicated listening and the finest performance based on the most subtle interpretative insight. Last week's performance, broadcast from the Festival Hall in the Third Programme, came well within sight of that. I had looked forward eagerly to hearing Christian Ferras, a violinist whom I consider to be in the first flight of gifted young players. The news that after all he could not appear that night was inevitably disappointing but it needed only a moment for that feeling to vanish while listening to the interpretation and performance given by Tibor Varga who took over the exacting assignment. He did beautifully by the work, was emotionally at one with it and so was able to display deep sentiment throughout all the magnificent expanse of warm, lyrical expressiveness that is such a moving quality in the music; and because of his refined sensitivity sentiment never went over into sentimentality. With this he gave an impression of such technical control as made the performance, one of remarkable fluency, sound in no way that of a man overcoming difficulties but of one quite at his ease. Finally, he was supported, as he deserved to be, by singularly alert playing from the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt.

Such being the circumstances, no wonder the work lived with compelling vividness and has continued long after to vibrate in the memory. It is still not easy music fully to grasp, for Berg, though he manipulates his twelve-tone series more graciously than others of his artistic kin such as Schönberg and Webern, does nevertheless arrive at some harsh conclusions. Yet the general feeling of the work is one of eloquence and its manner is dignified; one comes in time to accept the anfractuosities and gradually they disappear, becoming what they are meant to be, moments of extreme tension in the development of one of the most dramatic of concertos. And if we still feel the need of some ideal copy of this work with original and translation on facing pages, to use Mr. Oliver Edwards's phrase about Cary's Dante, we know too that the time is not far distant before Berg's Violin Concerto will yield its ultimate secret and become as familiar as Beethoven's; by then we shall have thrown the crib into the fire. Familiar, yes, but like Beethoven's, again, never therefore contemptible. I have heard Berg's work, I suppose, ten times. Now it is as a book that one reads eagerly, knowing before the end that one will come back to it time and time again and endlessly discover new enchantments which no familiarity will stale. Just such another ageless experience can be met with in the Eroica Symphony. To have these two unique works in one programme made this concert most memorable.

Preceding it by a couple of days, Prokofiev's opera *The Fiery Angel* (Third Programme) filled rather more than two hours of listening

time and, having surfeited the ear with very rich sound, left a confused impression and, in my case, surprisingly little, given its length and its explosive character, that memory retained the next morning. Without copious notes taken during the performance, only a very vague recollection would have had to serve for the writing of this paragraph. It is an odd work to have come from Prokofiev whom one thinks of as preponderantly a man of sardonic humour and often keen wit. But here he takes us into a strange world of sorcery and incipient evil that presumably is meant to be awe-inspiring but has about it an air of old-fashioned, pre-Poe mystification. The music is of terrific energy; there is

great inventiveness there, I am sure, and an extraordinary sense of instrumental colour and texture. Taken in small doses it would undoubtedly hold the attention; in this large expanse it batters the mind into acquiescence without convincing us of its validity. It must be seen on the stage before finally being assessed.

This broadcast had many virtues, chiefly in the singing of Victoria Sladen as the possessed Renata, a part undertaken at short notice and carried through with great skill. The Ruprecht of Thomas Hemsley was a case of good singing plus colourless dramatization which, one felt, even apt acting would hardly rescue from tedium. Perhaps nothing striking can ever be

made of this character, for Prokofiev's Ruprecht is a sentimental creature, sketchily drawn and by his very nature an ineffective exponent of neo-gothic chivalry. It is asking much of a singer that he should simulate enthusiasm for the mental processes of such an oddity. The tale is very Teutonic and vastly romantic, a fine sample of the more horrific nineteenth-century imagination at its high tide, a kind of Seven Bore of a libretto. It ends in the screams of the possessed nuns and the thunders of an Inquisitor sending Renata to the stake. All that should make a good stage spectacle and one longs to watch while the devil seizes the pot-boy and 'gobbles him right up'. Fine fare indeed.

SCOTT GODDARD

Daniel Jones: his Achievements and Views

By BERNARD KEEFFE

The first performance of Jones's Fifth Symphony will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, February 18 (Home) and 9.10 on Saturday, February 21 (Third)

BRAHMS was forty-four before he brought his First Symphony into the light. The young composer of today has no such modesty, and the mastery of a symphonic vocabulary seems to be one of his first acquisitions. With the performance this month of his Fifth Symphony, commissioned by the B.B.C., Daniel Jones passes the canonic four of Brahms and is half-way to the canonic nine. Of his vocabulary there is no question. He thinks and argues in music with the assurance and complexity of a Wittgenstein. With the performance of his First Symphony by the B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra in February 1949, he showed that a Welshman could write one—it seemed to be the first ever—and that a new name to be reckoned with had found its way into the programmes of British symphonic music.

Now what is his present achievement? If you look at the list after the article on him in 'Grove' you will see that in sheer volume it is quite impressive. In fact, it is almost suspicious compared with the slender output of many of his contemporaries. He is a pianist of power and naturally a large quantity of his work is for the piano, including a number of sonatas (most of which he has now repudiated), but in recent years there have been broadcasts of his bagatelles and pieces for piano, which confirm his mastery of the keyboard. Of chamber music there are nine string quartets, a string trio, a wind septet, and many other works of which the eight pieces for violin and viola are of great importance in his rhythmic experiments. His chief achievement has undoubtedly been in writing for the orchestra; besides the five symphonies, there are five tone poems from the *Mabinogion*, several overtures, a symphonic prologue, several suites for orchestra, including one that had its first performance the year before last, *Dobra Niva*, based on Czech folk music; works for chorus and orchestra include the *Epicedium*, which has no strings but a large wind band, and a new work, to be broadcast on February 27 in the Home Service: this is entitled *The Country beyond the Stars*, and consists of settings of poems by Vaughan.

Jones's natural feeling for symphonic argument has been found by some critics to be intolerably involved. However, the problems he tackles and, in my view, solves are rare ones in music today, for until recently his idiom has been fundamentally traditional. Its sound is incontrovertibly original, but its ingredients are almost academically defensible. This is especially true for his chamber music, and those works written just after the war were much influenced by his studies of classical method. An aspect of

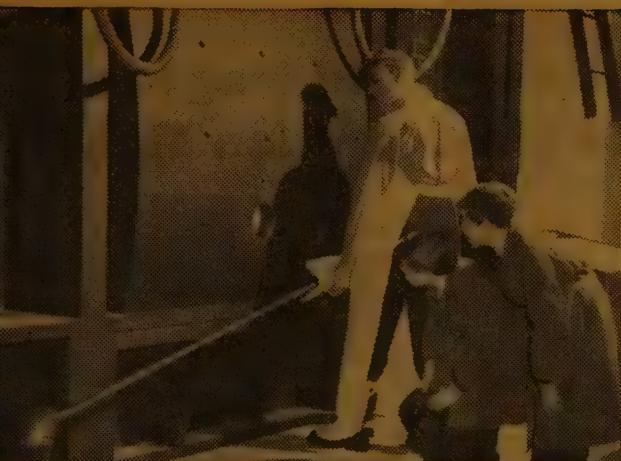
his work which has attracted much, often acrimonious, comment, and which is of undoubted importance, is his experimenting in rhythm. As long ago as 1936 he wrote a movement with the time-signature $\frac{9+2+3}{8}$. It was the first attempt to introduce what he has called symmetrical asymmetry. It is a commonplace of modern music to see bewildering time-signatures, but they are often momentary and refer only to one asymmetric bar in an otherwise stable pattern. Jones has, however, elaborated this, what is in fact metrical, principle to a tremendous extent. The last of the eight pieces for violin and viola has, for example, the signature, $\frac{4-4-6-4-3-2-3-4-6}{8}$. This sort of thing has earned him many harsh words, but all he has done in fact is to open the doors of his workshop in a way that everyone wishes, for example, that Wagner had.

In the new symphony complex metres are used sparingly. The first movement includes a long section in $5/8$ $3/4$ and the third, a slow movement, is in $5/4$ $3/4$. Apart from this, extreme rhythmic experiments of the type I have referred to are not used. The symphony is in the conventional four-movement form, opening with the principal theme of the first movement on four horns. Straight away it is evident that we are embarked on a closely reasoned argument of truly symphonic proportions. Much of the thematic material appears to derive from the use of a sort of tone-row which he calls a chromatic pattern. This principle was followed in the Third and Fourth as well as in the Fifth Symphony; all the thematic material derives from one chromatic pattern. This had already been evident in *Epicedium*, which opens with a twelve-note theme played by the bass clarinet alone, but this does not prevent the work being firmly in B flat minor. Elsewhere in the new symphony we find a characteristic use of canon, inversion and imitation, contrapuntal devices which have always been a marked feature of Jones's writing. The vertical effect of his writing is one that is always firmly present in Jones's mind and in this new work, in the slow movement for example, his imaginative harmony and writing for the orchestra achieve a tremendous effect without stepping outside anything which is comprehensible and moving to an intelligent listener firmly brought up in the great symphonic classics. This is not to say that it is a work without originality of style; on the contrary, the deceptively simple lines of the scherzo with the quick-ranging shift of tonality and colour, are highly characteristic of his work and should make the same impact as the brilliant

scherzo in his Symphony No. 4 which has been described by some critics as a portrait of the personality of Dylan Thomas, to whose memory it was dedicated.

No article on Daniel Jones would be complete without attempting to present his own very clear views on the function and nature of music. He makes a distinction between those who consider music from the inside and those who do not. The latter are the people who put music into categories, such as 'style', 'period', 'tendency' and 'technique', and attempt to evaluate it according to its address. He feels however that it is the aesthetic succession that is important (for example, that late Bach is 'later' in succession than late Beethoven), and that one should be aware of the sense of musical continuity in space and time. He also distinguishes between the sound of music and what he considers the vital elements of melody and form. For him the static elements of timbre and harmony are of small significance. So, too, in technique, it is of little importance how a composer reaches his destination, as long as he has one with the reservation that where he is preoccupied predominantly with timbre or harmony, the essentially musical content is likely to be small. Jones's own experiments in technique have been primarily in melody and form, and in one case, the Sonata for Kettledrums, dispense with harmony altogether. His use of what may appear to be tone-rows, is in no way related to the Schönberg school. He prefers to call them chromatic patterns, related to the thematic and melodic invention, used in the structure of an essentially tonal movement. They are truly chromatic, which the tone-row is not, and the relation between those notes which are tonal and those which are chromatic will vary according to the context. In other words, since he is a tonal composer, the basic tonal notes and intervals always form the skeletal structure however complicated the chromaticism may appear.

In his writings on aesthetics, he can assume an almost priestly view of the functions of the creative artist, and I should like to end by quoting from a paper he read a year or so ago to the Composers' Concours: 'We have some dim intuition of a principle of Order the vast manifestations of which we cannot comprehend but experience satisfaction, because in the aesthetic object we have a manifestation of that principle at our own level. In so doing we become similarly ordered, and a positive state of equilibrium is induced in us; we intuitively acquiesce in the right ordering of things, and find our own place within it'.



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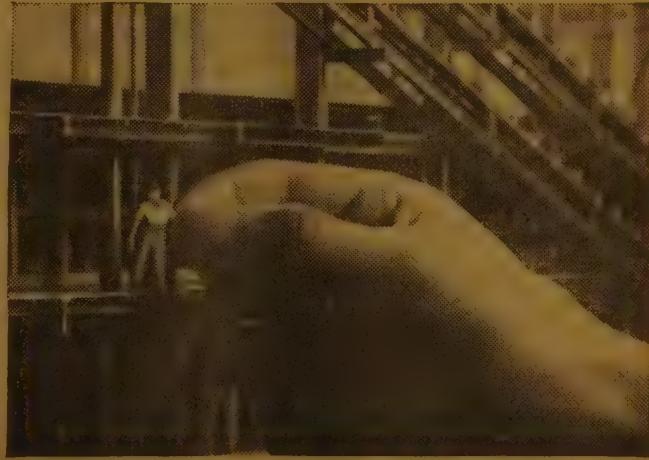
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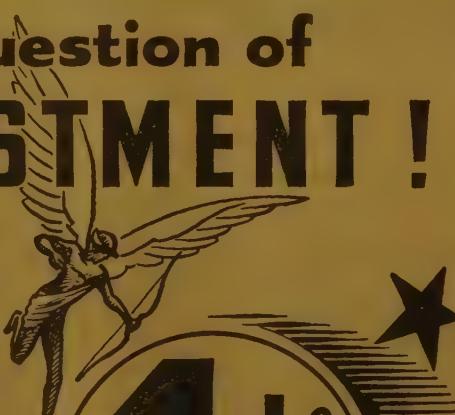
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By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

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♦ A Q 10 7 5 4 2	♦ None
♣ None	♣ A Q 6

Mr. and Mrs. Healey bid to Six Hearts, the maximum contract which was awarded ten out of ten, as follows:

WEST	EAST
H. Healey	Mrs. Healey
2D	3H
3S	4C
4D	4NT
5H	6H
No Bid	

Playing, as they were, the Acol system, the jump over a forcing opening bid shows a solid suit and fixes that as the final contract. It is open question whether East's hearts are sufficiently good to warrant this line of action, but if Mrs. Healey over-stressed the strength of her heart suit her counterpart erred in an opposite direction with costly results.

WEST	EAST
L. Allwood	Mrs. Allwood
2D	2H
2S	3C
4D	4S
No Bid	

In formulating her ideas of the East hand Mrs. Allwood emphasized her powerful heart suit.

ew Poetry

Sunsets

I

This scene too beautiful it seems a fake,
These unlikely colours, this sky, that lake.
Have to close my eyes to keep awake.

There all such lucid colours moving greys,
God's formal barbarities would amaze.
There is nothing else I may do but praise.

I speaking, I move into a future tense
Gain mere words, and lose the quiet sense
Wonder, destroying the experience.

Sunsets only exist that I may write
about them; yet I'd dip my pen in light:
White print obscurely on a page of white.

II

Darkness, like terror, lies within the scene.
Music of Mozart merely seems serene.
He gazed at green till he became the green.

Mystics to keep awake close their eyes,
And, in eternal emptiness, feel wise.
God is what that great nothing signifies.

Oh the beautiful eyes of St. Lucy
Who plucked them out that she might see.
Such was her devotion to the Mystery.

The distance between two stars is night.
I stare and stare at dark till dark is bright.
Must I first go blind to have second sight?

III

Above that painted lake (of course unsigned)
Its surface hoisted by colours in the wind,
There were windows between clouds and fires
Behind.

The light that never was is never dead,
So that violent heaven now lies in the head
And agonies of sky grow dark instead.

Past midnight, I recreate the gorgeous air
Of sunset, its adorations of despair.
I stared at colour till I was the stare.

But since I can't breathe always with the five
Senses naked, I wait for sleep to arrive,
And close both my eyes to keep alive.

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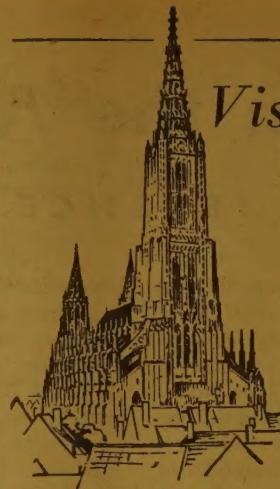
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BRUSHES OR ROLLERS?

M OFTEN asked whether it is better to use a brush or a roller for painting. This depends on the sort of job you want to do. While a roller is much quicker than a brush, so far as application is concerned, a brush is more easily cleaned after use. This usually means that for small jobs it is better to use a brush, but on large surfaces, such as ceilings, walls, and flush doors, the roller comes into its own and makes a much quicker job. A large number of people, too, find a roller less tiring than a brush, and it is one of the tools you can use with both hands. Then, again, a roller does extremely well on open surfaces, such as chain-link fencing or expanded metal—jobs which are terribly fiddling with a brush. But for things like window frames, deep moldings, or jobs that call for delicate cutting, you must use a brush, because a roller is not designed to do that sort of work.

However, speed is not the only factor involved. In the majority of cases, I think it is better with a roller to spread the paint evenly. The finish you get from a roller is not the same as the finish you get from a brush: it dries with a slight stippled effect. On flat or eggshell finishes it is hardly noticeable, but it is much more apparent if you are using a gloss finish. It is not necessarily a disadvantage; in fact, on bad surfaces a faint stipple often helps in covering up the imperfections. In any case, a large number of people prefer the stippled effect. If you happen to be one of the group that prefers a perfectly smooth finish, then there is nothing to beat a brush, although you will occasionally find a professional making the best of both worlds by applying a gloss paint with a roller, for the sake of speed, and then laying it off with a brush, to get the perfectly smooth finish he wants. In my opinion, you can get a smoother finish with either a foam plastic or a hair roller than you can with a sheepskin

roller; but on rough surfaces the sheepskin roller makes a better job. All three types of roller are satisfactory for emulsion paints, but it is best to use a sheepskin roller for distempers.

When it comes to the question of the amount of paint used by a roller in comparison with a brush, the evidence is rather conflicting. In my opinion it largely depends on who is using it.

DAVID ROE

JELLY MARMALADE

You will need:

3½ lb. of bitter oranges
2 large, or four small, lemons
8 lb. of preserving sugar
22 teacups (5½ pints) of water

Wipe over the fruit with a damp cloth to clean it. Grate the orange and lemon rinds into a large basin and put aside. (Incidentally, if you choose lemons with a pale, firm skin you will give a pleasing silvery colour to your marmalade.) Cut up all the fruit, dividing each orange and lemon into about eight pieces so that they will pulp down easily, and put into the jelly-pan with the water. Put in the pips, and everything but the grated rinds. Bring to the boil, and boil for half an hour or until all the skins are really soft and tender. (If your fruit happens to be tough, be sure to test it against the side of the jelly-pan with your wooden spoon and boil it until the thick, pithy parts are soft and squashy.)

Strain it through a jelly bag, letting the liquid drip on to the grated rinds in your large bowl, and leave overnight. Next day put the jelly on to boil, and when almost at boiling point add the warmed preserving sugar. Bring slowly to the boil again, stirring all the time. (The sugar must not melt too quickly, so do not have the heat too fierce at this point.) Now boil rapidly for seven to ten minutes, but start testing for setting after seven minutes.

Cool for a few minutes, pour into warmed jars and cover immediately.

MOLLY WEIR

Notes on Contributors

SIR ROY HARROD (page 271): Nuffield Reader in International Economics, Oxford University; Economic Adviser, International Monetary Fund, 1952-53; author of *International Economics*, *The Life of John Maynard Keynes*, *The Dollar*, etc.

ANTHONY CROSLAND (page 272): Fellow and Lecturer in Economics, Trinity College, Oxford, 1947-50; M.P. (Labour) for Gloucestershire South, 1950-55; author of *Britain's Economic Problem*, etc.

BORIS GUSSMAN (page 273): anthropologist and industrial welfare consultant, who has recently been studying trade unionism among Africans

RICHARD PETERS (page 279): Reader in Philosophy, London University; author of *Hobbes*

SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, K.B.E., F.R.S. (page 281): Astronomer Royal, 1933-55; President, British Horological Institute, since 1939; author of *Life on Other Worlds*, etc.

ARTHUR MIZENER (page 283): Professor of English, Cornell University, New York State, since 1951; author of *The Far Side of Paradise* (a life of F. Scott Fitzgerald), etc.

R. A. HUMPHREYS (page 285): Professor of Latin-American History, London University, since 1948; author of *The Evolution of Modern Latin America*, etc.

COLIN ROWE (page 287): Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Architecture, Cambridge University

M. I. FINLEY (page 289): Lecturer in Classics, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Jesus College; author of *The World of Odysseus*

BERNARD KEEFFE (page 306): assistant in the B.B.C.'s music programme department (sound)

Crossword No. 1,498.

Classic Cricket. By Rex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Posting date: first post on Thursday, February 19. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

One-day cricket match between historical Greeks and Romans was held on the Elysian Fields. The names of the Greeks appear as across lights, one being reversed. The Roman names are given in the diagram, and the Roman numerals give the individual scores of all those who made

runs, while the remaining two added together give the total of these runs. Other Down clues are normal. The unchecked letters form: SEE IN 'ORROR LOT O' ROMAN GHOSTS IN LORDS! (R. = reversed).

DOWN

- Solution of oil, but not for bats
- A loop which could tie up any batsman
- For sure none of the players was a this
- A catch with one gets one
- Practice at this should make perfect
- See 23R.
- If this is hoisted, it is 100 to 1 that the pitch would be 13R. and 25.
- 21, and 32. Rhadamanthus might have acted as this
- Too short to have been worn by 9, 27 and 32
- See 8
- They are too young to play cricket
- Each of the players was really a this
- Kind of trick any bowler would be proud of
- See 21
- This wags sometimes even at cricket
- He 15 up the 19s
- These score, but not at cricket
- A batsman needs a good one.
- See 13R.
- See 9
- Teams do this with one another
- Japanese plays this ball, scores one
- A real mixed up symptom that would bar one from playing
- See 9
- See 27

35. See 43

37. Some of the players wielded this better than 34R

39. This shone on the Romans

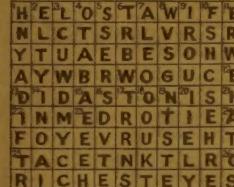
41. Did they toss up with this or an obol?

42. Same as 30

43, 47 and 35. Greek princess who was first hemmed in and then all at sea

44. and 46. Greeks or Romans

Solution of No. 1,496



NOTES

Answers and Sources:

- handy. Lear, IV, 6. 1R, blush. Jno, IV, 1. 2L, Helena. MND, II, 3. 2R, trace. R & J, I, 4. 3R, owl. Mac, IV, 1. 4L, factor. A & C, II, 6. 4R, bonos. TN, IV, 2. 5L, study. R3, I, 2. 5R, grise. TN, III, 1. 6L, waist. H4 (1), II, 4. 6R, sluts. MWW, V, 3. 7L, beard. Oth, III, 3. 7R, havoc. JC, III, 1. 8L, brawl. H5, IV, Chor, 8R, wifher. Ham, III, 2. 9L, wives. MoV, III, 2. 10L, frost. H8, III, 2. 11L, goose. Mac, II, 3. 11D, where. Temp, V, 1. 12L, kisses. MfM, IV, 1. 13D, drift. Ham, III, 1. 13R, needy. R & J, V, 1. 14R, times. JC, III, 1. 15R, raked. H5, II, 4. 16L, years. Oth, III, 3. 16R, rusty. Tro, I, 3. 17L, elect. LLL, I, 1. 17R, stole. MoV, IV, 1. 18L, cover. R2, III, 2. 18R, store. Shrew, III, 2. 19L, thorn. H6 (3), III, 2. 20L, untie. A & C, V, 2. 21L, teeth. AYLI, II, 7. 21D, scath. Jno, II, 1. 22R, choice. Cor, I, 1. 23R, vent. AYLI, II, 7.

Quotation: *All's Well*, V, 3

1st prize: John Coleby (Buckley, Flints.); 2nd prize: J. Hamand (Oxford); 3rd prize: W. Oldham (London, N.W.4)

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